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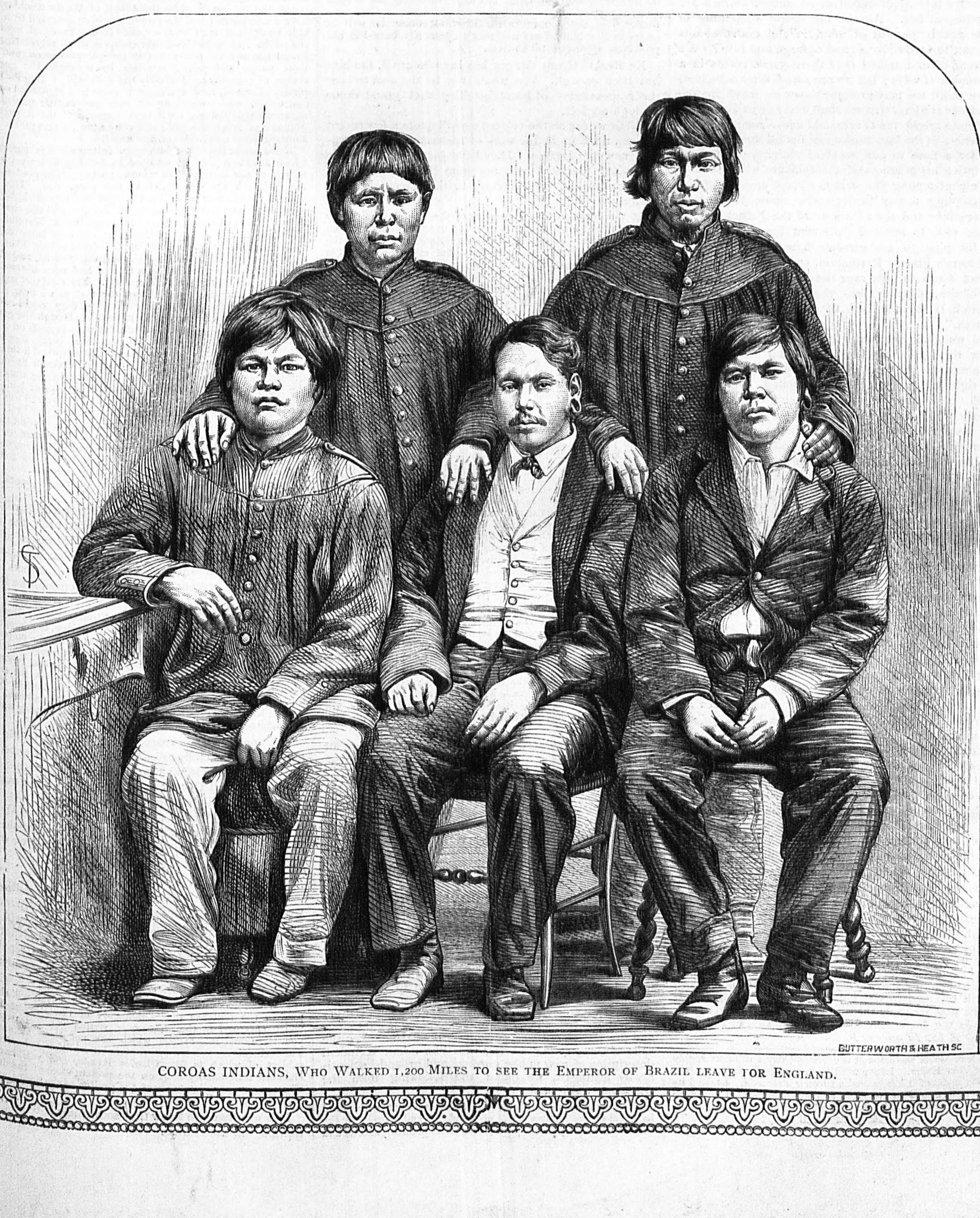

COROAS INDIANS, Who Walked 1,200 Miles to see the Emperor of Brazil leave for England.

DROP THE CURTAIN.

WE have gone through just one year of intense and perhaps unwholesome excitement. The newspapers have been of almost greater importance to us than our daily food. War, revolution, anarchy, massacre, the burning of cities, the unmaking and making of empires, have been our ordinary entertainment. Then, immediately after the tragedy, came the Tichborne case, without counterpart in the history of law; and this was rounded off with a handful of trials sufficiently remarkable to have attracted a great share of attention at any time.

What next? That is a point about which we are somewhat anxious; because we have looked, not without alarm, upon the newly-created craving of the public mind for this sort of food. It would, we confess, be a matter of grief to us to hear of any fresh cause of popular excitement. Just as the Parisians during the first siege began to complain of the dulness of their lives, so did our people take to grumbling because they are forbidden to watch to the end a peculiarly interesting trial; as if the world were bound to provide them with sensational amusement in quick succession and in unending variety.

What we hope that all good, thoughtful, reasonable, and half-unreasonable people will do is to turn back to their books. Let us all take to quiet reading again, and cool our brains with the sober thoughts of greater and better men than ourselves on subjects which are not quite red hot. Are we not losing something of culture and refinement of mind in the midst of this barbarian turmoil of battle and outrage and ruin? We have read of and talked over these great events in a vast number of ways; but we are satisfied for ourselves, and we think we may presume to say as much for the bulk of our readers, that we shall never be in a position to estimate aright the causes and consequences of the occurrences of the last twelve months till we have gone back for a time to our standard authors, our famous speculative historians, and the thinkers who stand in high niches among the writers of past days. He who is attempting to-day to dogmatise about the acts of the Commune and the character of the French people, will do well to suspend judgment for a time, retire with his pipe to his summer house, read Carlyle's and Thiers's French Revolution, study De Tocqueville, and not scorn to turn over the long-neglected leaves of Voltaire, dipping into that wonderful story of Frederick II. by the help of the author of "Sartor Resartus."

And we shall not regret it if the majority get even farther than this from the intellectual food of these twelve months. It will be well for a good many of us to turn right away from the too excited current and refresh our hearts with the communings of those good old men who wrote with no prophetic forethought of these tremendous days. Let us bathe for a time in a literary Lethe. It will do us good. Our pulses want lowering. We are ceasing to be the intellectual people that we were. The best books in the market, they tell us, are not selling; the best works on the library shelves, we are informed, are not asked for. Those who used to find time to enrich their minds and refine their thoughts by regular commerce with the crystal speculations of their masters in the world of letters are observed now to seize the newspaper with avidity, to rush through its contents, to throw it down with impatience, and to seem thenceforth as if the day had nothing to offer them, except perhaps a scrap in the evening fly-sheet.

This is not a healthy life—this living upon newspapers and occurrences. We have been forced into it for the time; but it is not good for the mental growth, the equanimity, the intellectual balance of the man. The facts are too many; the causes and consequences are too few. The deeds of men come to us in a disjointed and unexplained form. Think for a moment what a different thing will this war be to the man who reads the story of it fifty years hence, from what it is to us to-day. What revelations will have been made? What explanations unlooked for now will be given? What new light will be let in upon the characters of some of the principal performers? One cannot help looking forward with envy to him who, in the quiet of his study half a century hence, shall make himself acquainted with the real beginning, the actual causal movements, and the undeniable results of the events of 1870-71.

Meanwhile, let us go back to our books and our quiet converse upon things which have nothing whatever to do with the war; some to watch the dawn and progress, say, of modern poetic feeling; some to trace out the cause of the semi-dearth of fiction-writers of the high school; some to mark the growth of scientific invention and discovery; some to master the secrets of modern art half revealed in the notable works of the day. It is quite time we grew thoughtful and intellectual again. That is the business that lies by the side of our daily work. *A bas la guerre!*

"There is no medicine at the present day I value so highly as the Pain Killer. I have used it in my family for years, and in every instance it has proved a sovereign remedy. I tested its virtue to-day on a severe burn, and found it all that could be desired. I cannot praise it too highly. A. D. MILNE, Editor, *Messenger*, N. Y.—To Perry Davis and Son, London, W.C."
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OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

ST. PAUL'S.

THE finest architectural monument in England is St. Paul's Cathedral. There is no work between the four seas we could so ill spare. Seen from any part of London, that dome is a marvel of pure beauty. Whether we look at it from a near or from a distant point of view, it is impossible to find a fault in it. It is perfect in outline, in form, in size, in height, in projection into the hollow gulf into which it rises so majestically above all other structures. We regard it as one of the happiest architectural conceptions ever realised.

It is impossible, therefore, not to feel some alarm at the suggestion of a Fellow of the Royal Society, that the works of restoration now going on within the Cathedral may possibly tend to affect the lightning apparatus, so as to render it, for the time at least, a less effective safeguard. Referring to this subject, the *Eastern Morning News* says:—

> The noble old Cathedral Church has been three times burnt by fire, and twice struck and burnt by lightning. Scarcely a year passes without injury to our churches from this cause, and only last year the church most celebrated in London for specimens of early English architecture was greatly injured by lightning, for the second time within a quarter of a century. About a century ago St. Paul's Cathedral was only saved from being struck by the steeple of St. Bride's Church. A committee of the Society of Arts at that time adopted a plan which was, in effect, a continuity of the various metallic conductors, or a most ingenious mode of combining the several metallic portions of the building, so as to secure perfect continuity from the summit to the base. It would be well to ascertain if oxidation and workmen's operations have left the protective apparatus still efficient.

No doubt, if any danger has been incurred, the hint has been enough. We would not be the men to bear the responsibility of harm befalling that grand dome through neglect.

While we are on the subject we will quote a few recent figures, relating to the work of restoration and renovation now in progress. They have just appeared in the *Hereford Journal*, and are from the pen of Mr. F. Napier Broome, the secretary to the Executive Committee:—

> At the Mansion House meeting of the 13th July last year subscriptions to the amount of £19,155 were announced. From that day to this £18,407 only has been subscribed, making the present total of the Fund £37,562. But even this total is in some degree nominal, and must be divided as follows:—Paid to the Treasurers, £21,756. Promised—1, absolutely, £8,906; 2, conditionally, £6,900. Of the sum absolutely promised, but not yet collected, £7,268 is payable in instalments extending over terms of years, and the conditions made by the donors of the £6,900 are, that £100,000 be subscribed by a certain time, that "a sufficient sum" be subscribed, and so forth. Thus, of the total £37,563, no more than £23,394 is at present available, of which for the work now in hand, namely, the rearrangement of the organ, seats, and stalls, the erection of the choir-screen, and the inner porch at the north door, and the completion of the series of six Munich windows in the apse, it is roughly estimated that £11,000 will be required. This leaves a sum of £12,394 only in the hands of the committee, and from this the working expenses of the Fund, and donations bestowed for special purposes, such as church plate, &c., and amounting to £500, have further to be deducted. Between £11,000 and £12,000 is far too small a balance wherewith to enter upon the great work of the general decoration of the cathedral.
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> Some idea of the vastness of the interior of St. Paul's, and of the utterness of its present naked desolation, may be gathered from the fact that it has been calculated upon a rough estimate that £250,000 might possibly be spent before the whole building could be called finally and thoroughly complete. To decorate the roof and walls of the choir and apse, and to fill the dome with mosaic in place of Thornhill's grisaille pictures, which, good in themselves, add gloom to gloom where light is most needed, would cost about £35,000, and the committee ask the public to enable them at once to do at least this much, for they have little doubt that the splendid result of such a beginning would break the chilling spell of indifference which, shame to say, seems to separate Churchmen from their noblest Church, Englishmen from a trophy of national art that, all unfinished as it is, is yet worthy to be called their greatest. It is a fact scarcely to be credited that, excluding the gifts of corporations and collections in churches, only 350 persons have responded to the appeal made a year ago, and made in behalf of a work recommending itself to no one class or creed, but to every one who has ever lifted up his eyes upon that glorious outline.

We are rather slow in our days in subscribing for these great works. It may be a question, indeed, whether an undertaking of such national importance as the worthy restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral should be allowed to depend upon voluntary gifts. The first cost of the present building, which was about three quarters of a million sterling, was paid for by a tax on coals. Are the days gone by when Parliament may order the payment of a sum of money for a work so important—so essential—as the reparation of the finest Cathedral in the country and the chief monument in the metropolis?

THE EMBANKMENT GARDENS.

Since we presented, in our last number, a set of sketches of the Thames Embankment showing the arrangement of the gardens, a portion of those ornamental grounds have been thrown open to the public. The gardens, so far, have afforded unmixed delight. No such boon has been given to Londoners and their visitors in the days of this generation. The place is charming, and the situation for enjoyment is delightful. For the sake of those of our readers who like a half technical description of new public gardens and grounds scientifically arranged, we quote the following from the *Gardener's Magazine*:—

> The new garden constitutes one of the most interesting and beautiful of the "minor parks of London," and is probably the best of our strictly minor parks, even in its present youthful and necessarily unripe condition. It occupies the strip of reclaimed land lying between Waterloo Bridge and Charing Cross Bridge, the form being that of a long wedge, the broad end of which is westward. The whole of the work from first to last has been carried out in a liberal spirit; and though, as compared with parks and gardens elsewhere, this is but a small affair, it nevertheless entitles the Metropolitan Board of Works, under whose authority and at whose expense it has been formed, to the thankful regard of the great public. The soil is not, as is generally supposed, Thames mud, for that indescribable substance is not well adapted for horticultural purposes. The greater part of the whole body of soil was brought here in barges from Barking, and therefore to lay the foundations of this garden was really a tremendous task. The design and the superintence of the work fell to the lot of A. McKenzie, Esq., the adviser of the Board on horticultural matters; the contractor was Mr. Meston. In a space so contracted, and with so objectionable a background as the site for the most part affords, an elaborate scheme was not to be desired, and Mr. McKenzie's plan is simple enough, but eminently effective. The surface is diversified, and generally the rear line skirting the streets that abut on the garden rises higher than the other parts, and being there rather densely planted will in time exclude from the view many objectionable edifices which cannot be spoken of as "frontages." Strange to say, one really fine feature has been all but hidden—we might say, all but buried—and certainly it is dwarfed in an unworthy manner. We refer to the fine water-gate by Inigo Jones, at the foot of Buckingham-street, Strand, which every tasteful visitor must pity on beholding it apparently shrinking away from the broadest and most ornamental part of the garden. Neither the Board of Works nor their landscape gardener should be blamed for this calamity. The fine old gate might have been raised and re-adapted to the changed conditions of the site, and would have formed an appropriate entrance to the garden from Buckingham-street, as in days gone by it served for communication between the street and the river. This the Board of Works would gladly have accomplished had its proprietors been actuated by a suitable spirit; but their unwise policy results in equal injury to the public and themselves, and compels us to regret that the Board had not the power to take forcible possession, and promote public and private interests by a simple but decisive course of procedure. Probably the gate will in time be completely obscured, for it is already in great part "planted out;" and as the trees rise along the rear line of the garden the numerous ugly buildings will be obscured, and the respectable frontage of Adelphi-terrace will constitute an acceptable item amongst many agreeable surroundings.
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> There are at least four important features in this garden to which attention may be directed as bearing directly on the subject of our metropolitan "minor parks." The predominating feature is the smooth, close, rich green turf. This was obtained from seed sown on the spot in August last. So satisfactory was the germination of the seed and the character of the grasses of which it was composed, that in November of last year—that is to say, in the short space of three months from the time of sowing, and in the driest season known to the present generation—a good sward was formed, and it was scarcely possible to determine that it had been obtained in any other way than by laying down turf. The seed was supplied by Messrs. Barr and Sugden, and the turf, as we now see it, is about as effectual a testimonial as they could desire. Another excellent feature is the main road through the garden. It is one of the very best roads ever made. It rests on a deep substratum of "hard stuff," the top crust being formed of small hard ballast and coal-tar, over which is spread a thin coat of white grit, which affords a clean and cheerful finish. A third characteristic feature is the shield-shaped compartment at the head of the garden, consisting of five groups of beds with fountain in the centre. The design for the fountain was open to public competition, prizes being offered for the two best. The first prize was awarded to Mr. Alberi, and the second to Mr. A. McKenzie. Mr. Alberi's fountain is in course of construction. The fourth feature we feel bound to remark upon is the bold edging of ivy which accompanies the main road on either side. It suggests that much more may be done with ivies in minor parks than the planters of those places have hitherto thought of.

The incidence of cost with respect to the Embankment and these grounds has from the first been the subject of a good deal of controversy. What ought to be a local charge; what a metropolitan; what a national? These questions are not yet fully and satisfactorily settled, for at a recent meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works:—

> A memorial was read from the Strand District Board of Works, praying that the cost of lighting, paving, and keeping in repair the Victoria Embankment be defrayed by the metropolis at large, and not exclusively by the parishes through which the Embankment passes. The Strand District Board, before the Embankment was constructed, received the rates for several wharves, and since the opening of the Embankment it had diverted traffic from the Strand to the injury of tradesmen. The district had to bear the burden of rates with a decreasing number of inhabitants.

The appeal sounds reasonable. This is a public promenade, not specially calculated to benefit the immediate tradespeople and inhabitants, and it seems rather hard upon the Strand District to make it pay for the maintenance of the Embankment. The question has been referred to the Works Committee of the Board of Works. If it should be decided that all London should pay for lighting and keeping up the Embankment, we ought not to complain. It will be a cheap luxury.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

Those who have a "bone to pick" with the critic who wrote a series of ill-judged articles in the *Athenæum* on dramatic authors, and signed himself "Q," will soon have an opportunity of taking him at an advantage. He has faith enough in his lucubrations to republish them. See this note, by the London correspondent of the *Western Daily Mercury*:—

> It is announced that Messrs. Chapman and Hall will shortly publish the sketches of "Dramatists of the Present Day," which appeared in the *Athenæum*, signed "Q." I may give you additional information which has not been announced. The forthcoming volume will contain an additional chapter, the subject of which is Mr. Charles Reade, and will have an elaborate introductory essay on the present state of the drama. The common complaints about the decline of the drama will be ably treated in this introduction.

It is gratifying to know that something is to be "ably treated" in the volume.

COUNTRY LIFE.

New Street, Birmingham.

Mr. Sala, some few years ago, published a series of clever sketches called "The Streets of the World." In Italy, France, Spain, Germany, Russia, America, and the three countries forming the United Kingdom, he found in every great town or city a principal street, and every street had a character of its own and suggested a particular set of ideas to the famous literary traveller. We have not Mr. Sala's book before us, and we are unable to remember whether New-street, Birmingham formed one of his subjects. We rather think not, for we have a pretty distinct recollection of most of his sketches, and we believe we should not have forgotten this one had it appeared.

Nevertheless, New-street, Birmingham, a view of which appears on page 321 of this paper, is, in the towns and cities of England, a representative street. It gives a character to Birmingham, and Birmingham gives a character to the street. We do not know a main avenue in any other town at all like it. It seems to have taken its honours as the principal street by accident, for, whichever way you take it, it leads nowhere in a direct line. It begins with an elbow and ends in what would be a *cul de sac* but for lateral avenues of escape, which, by the way, are, in some respects, more imposing, and are certainly more full of traffic than itself. Still, New-street is a noble street, but it is a noble street spoiled. You are struck with two or three imposing views of it, and just when you look to see it develop into proportions worthy of its promise, it "gives out," as the Americans say. You discover that you have come to an end of its fine qualities when you think you have only begun to make their acquaintance. It is a bit chopped out of a grand street, and set down, so to speak, anywhere. Within the limits of its contracted length a great deal is crowded. It is a focus of noble shops and splendid buildings upon which almost countless money has been expended. These fine architectural structures were enough for the eking out of a first-class street a mile and a half long; but here they are crowded into a narrow compass, and are mixed up with penny apple stalls and little wooden stores for the vending of the cheapest of wares under the least attractive of commercial arrangements. One man is as good as another in Birmingham, and the proudest tradesman in New-street is probably he who does a very small and unimportant looking business for chance coppers in a make-shift structure hanging on to the side of a gorgeous establishment. These eccentricities in the brilliant line of pavements only render more striking the prodigality of fine public buildings thrown together upon this contracted area. Birmingham is never elated by the magnitude of its public works. The inhabitants of New-street will not think of boasting to the stranger of this imposing and costly Grammar School, this fine Opera House, this Art Institute (with its remarkable picture gallery), this great massive Town Hall, or this Railway Station, which is one of the mechanical wonders of the world. To the mind of the native "villager" these are almost insignificant things. What he values far more highly than the majestic Grammar School, is a democratic victory over the governing body of the foundation. More to him than marble masonry or glorious friezes is a triumph over the last vestige of what he, in his fine jealousy of the past, conceives to be arbitrary authority. Not that he is insensible of the influence of notable spectacles; but he has his own notion of what ought to strike the imagination of his visitor. He will hurry you away from the grand civic and public piles in New-street, and make haste to introduce you to a hideous building, covering an acre or two of ground with dirty bricks and soot, wherein guns, or pins, or steel pens, or articles in glass are made by the ton. Then his soul rises to the occasion, and you are constrained to sympathise and to enter into his feelings; for you cannot deny that he is right. There is a sublimity in all this stupendous work and in all this unexampled ingenuity, and you begin to understand why the men of Birmingham, having got the greatness of these things into their mind, and, so to speak, into their blood, are so cool about things that move the heart of the stranger; and, moreover, you comprehend how it is that they learn to make light of the inconveniences and nuisances, arising from these factories, from which they suffer. These burgesses have a popular municipal election every November, and they enjoy the privilege of being governed by a Town Council and a Local Board of Health, containing among their members a greater number of genuine orators, perhaps, than any similarly constituted body in the world; yet the burgesses and their representatives permit that grand and costly two or three hundred yards of street of which we are speaking, to be from time to time so flooded with foul and choking smoke from neighbouring furnaces that it is hard to walk through it or to see across it, while well-dressed wayfarers get peppered from head to foot with smuts. If a governor, or a body of trustees, or any individual or set of men invested, or believing themselves to be invested, with a power not derived directly from the people, were to venture upon an act which seemed, however remotely, to challenge public opinion, there is no place in the world where such luckless wights had not better find themselves than in Birmingham; but the prosperous and enterprising manufacturer may make his chimney shafts belch forth soot and fire and brimstone; he may so conduct his business that every few weeks a considerable percentage of his work-people are set on fire or blown to pieces; and never an indignation meeting will be held, and never a resolution will be passed by the crowd round the well-known waggon at the back of the Town Hall, from which our legislators are denounced when they vote a marriage dowry to a member of the Royal Family. For these are a sturdy people, accepting work and all that belongs to it with a fine, uncompromising heroism, waiting with rare patience for any reform that touches them in their daily avocations, while they lead the van in agitations for legislative reform.

And one meets democracy in all its most modern shapes in New-street, Birmingham. The law of the pavement is good nature without politeness, and without any of the refined regulations which make traffic easy in most other great cities. If these were an ill-tempered people the jostling, the pushing, the treading upon each other's toes and heels, would soon cure themselves; for they would lead to conflicts, and comers and goers would perforce learn to be more careful. But they blunder on, without law of traffic, and quite without deference one for another; and since they see no sign in one another's faces of irritability or of a wilful intention to cause annoyance, everything passes, mostly without resentment on the one side, and invariably without apology on the other. Acts of roughness and acts of kindness are equally taken for granted. If the man who pushes you off the kerb into the mud makes no *amende*, the man who is dragged by another from under the wheel of a cab does not stop to offer thanks. He takes it in the best possible humour. He would most likely have performed the same service for another under like circumstances, and would have looked for no acknowledgment. On as many of these traits of the ordinary traffic of the great Midland village as may seem derogatory, the visitor soon learns to look with complaisance—because of the good temper, and good nature, and genuine, inartificial character of the people. By all these things and by many more shall New-street, Birmingham, be known to sojourners, who will immediately recognise the scene depicted in our sketch, taken from the corner next the Bull Ring, close by the famous Hen and Chickens Hotel, and looking in the direction of Stephenson-place. The two omnibuses in the foreground remind us that the omnibus service in Birmingham is about the best and most complete in England. From New-street and the immediate vicinity may be obtained, at any hour of the day and until late at night, with a minimum of waiting, a place on an excellent vehicle for any station, in any direction, not of the town merely, but of suburbs and villages lying several miles distant, north, south, east, or west.

A Novelty in Sport.

It is not clear to us how it is possible to play cricket on horseback, but, if we may believe an announcement cut from an old country paper, the experiment has been attempted. In the last number of the *Kentish Gazette* we find this curious paragraph:—

> The following novel advertisement of a very novel event is extracted from the *Kentish Gazette* of the 29th April, 1794, at the request of an old subscriber:—
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> "Cricketing on Horseback.—A very singular game of cricket will be played on Tuesday the 6th of May, in Lynsted Park, between the Gentlemen of the Hill and the Gentlemen of the Dale, for one guinea a man,—the whole to be performed on horseback.—To begin at nine o'clock, and the game to be played out:—
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> "A good ordinary on the ground by John Hogben."
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> On referring to the copies of the *Gazette* bearing dates succeeding that of the above singular game, we have failed to find any report or other mention of it, though we have every reason to believe that it duly took place as advertised. It must be remembered, however, that our columns a hundred years ago contained nothing in the shape of a comprehensive collection of country news, although we reproduced plenty of interesting London gossip and foreign despatches, together with some bits of Canterbury news.

Cricketing has probably undergone some modifications since the year 1794; but the changes would have to be considerable in order to enable a batsman to defend his wicket, and at the same time his horse's head, from the blow of the modern hard ball, while in the saddle; and though we can conceive of a mounted bowler and a body of good riders on the scout, we cannot see how the running or dead ball could be recovered without dismounting.

Great as is the progress of journalism since the year 1794, we hardly know how to excuse the editor of the *Kentish Gazette* of ninety years ago for neglecting to report the particulars of this extraordinary match.

Republican Liberty.

The discussion on Republicanism, which is spreading so rapidly throughout the country, is likely to lead to some profitable conclusions, if we may judge from the manner in which certain incidental questions have been raised. To the mind of the thoughtful Englishman who has watched the slow growth of British liberties, and has studied at the same time the tendency of Republican forms of government, it often appears that Republics, past and present, have hitherto offered fewer guarantees of personal liberty than our own constitutional monarchy. It will be necessary for the spokesmen of the new organisations to look to this; for while among advanced politicians in France, and even in America, the idea of equality is thought of more than freedom; the Englishman loves freedom above all other gifts. We called attention last week to a few points in a Republican debate in Birmingham, and we now take the opportunity of quoting from a letter, signed by a "Working Man," and addressed to the *Birmingham Morning News*:—

> I am not a constant reader of *Reynolds's Newspaper*, but I happened to read part of an article, some time during last May, in that paper, which I presume was written by the editor himself, in which it was stated that he, the writer, thought it quite time the Legislature stepped in and put a stop to the May Meetings which are annually held in Exeter Hall. I will not attempt to repeat the choice vocabulary of the writer in question. But as Mr. Reynolds and his newspaper are looked up to as representing Republicanism in England, I shall be glad to know whether such an opinion receives sympathy and approval from Birmingham Republicans. Of course the societies which organised the meetings were included in the condemnation.

We will assume that the writer gives a fair account of what he read in the newspaper in question, and we will add that we have frequently seen in the organs of extreme opinion, in this and other countries, expressions which would lead to the conclusion that the triumph of ultra opinions would be a sort of death-knell to tolerance. Happily, if these advanced political dogmas are to be discussed among us they will be considered under favourable auspices. There is an abundance of time, and every motive and circumstance, to ensure calmness of deliberation. We have no doubt, therefore, that these intolerant notions, entertained by so many of the Republican party, English and foreign, will receive full and honest consideration among a people who love Liberty for her own sake, and care for her far more earnestly than for names and forms of government.

Dowry in a Workhouse.

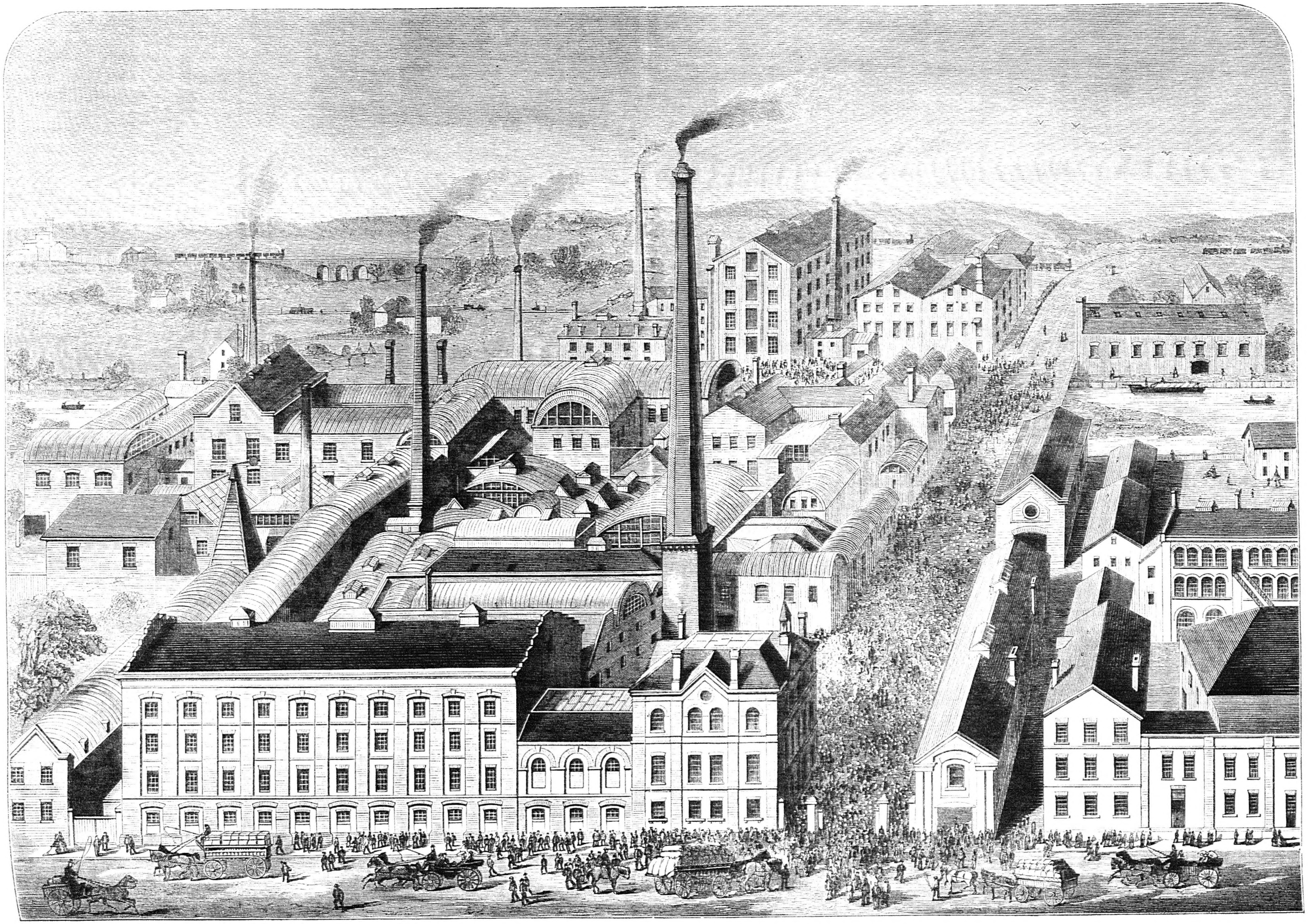
It is hard to say how much discretion is vested in a Board of Guardians in the matter of giving a lump sum to a pauper, with the view of ultimately relieving the rates of his support. There are many instances. An able-bodied man is discharged sometimes with a new pair of boots, or with tools, or the means of travelling to the scene of employment. But this privilege, it appears, does not go to the extent of granting a female inmate a marriage portion. To wit, the following case, from the *Sheffield Independent*:—

> A poor quarryman desires to marry one of the inmates of the Mansfeld workhouse, whom he designates as "dear Margaret"—evidently an old sweetheart—and in the simplicity of his ignorance he writes to the Board of Guardians requesting them to give him £5 to furnish a house and "start a married life." He will "take her off their hands," he says, on this condition, and only asks for the money because he is anxious to provide his pauper-wife with a home. The law, however, is wiser than this honest man, for, as the Clerk explained, although "dear Margaret" were to remain all her life in the workhouse it would not permit the guardians to grant the £5. The applicant's letters, we are told, were received with laughter, but we are bound to say that instead of being amusing they are plain, practical documents, full of good sense and a kindly Christian feeling. Here is the last as a sample, the writer being, it must be remembered, a poor working man: "I regret the letter sent to the governor for the chairman has miscarried; but both yourself and the Board of Guardians will fully understand its purport after reading the one you have answered. My object in making the request for five pounds to be given me on my marrying one of your paupers, Margaret Oscroft, and taking her and her child off your hands, is not a mercenary one, as I shall marry her after all, though several months may elapse till I find myself and home properly conditioned. This application is pressed on me by my friends and relations, who foresee nothing but troubles and disagreeableness in my marrying hastily. I have borrowed the sum of £3 to buy a few articles of my employer, Mr. Moses Rigley, ironstone getter, but I need not to enlarge to gentlemen of experience. The house is all but empty, and I have not a shilling in hand, as, though working hard, it has gone quickly. Legality apart, surely the guardians of Margaret Oscroft's parish can kindly see a way to kindly comply with my request, and I will do on my part on the earliest day that can be named.—Awaiting a reply, I am, sir, yours obediently."

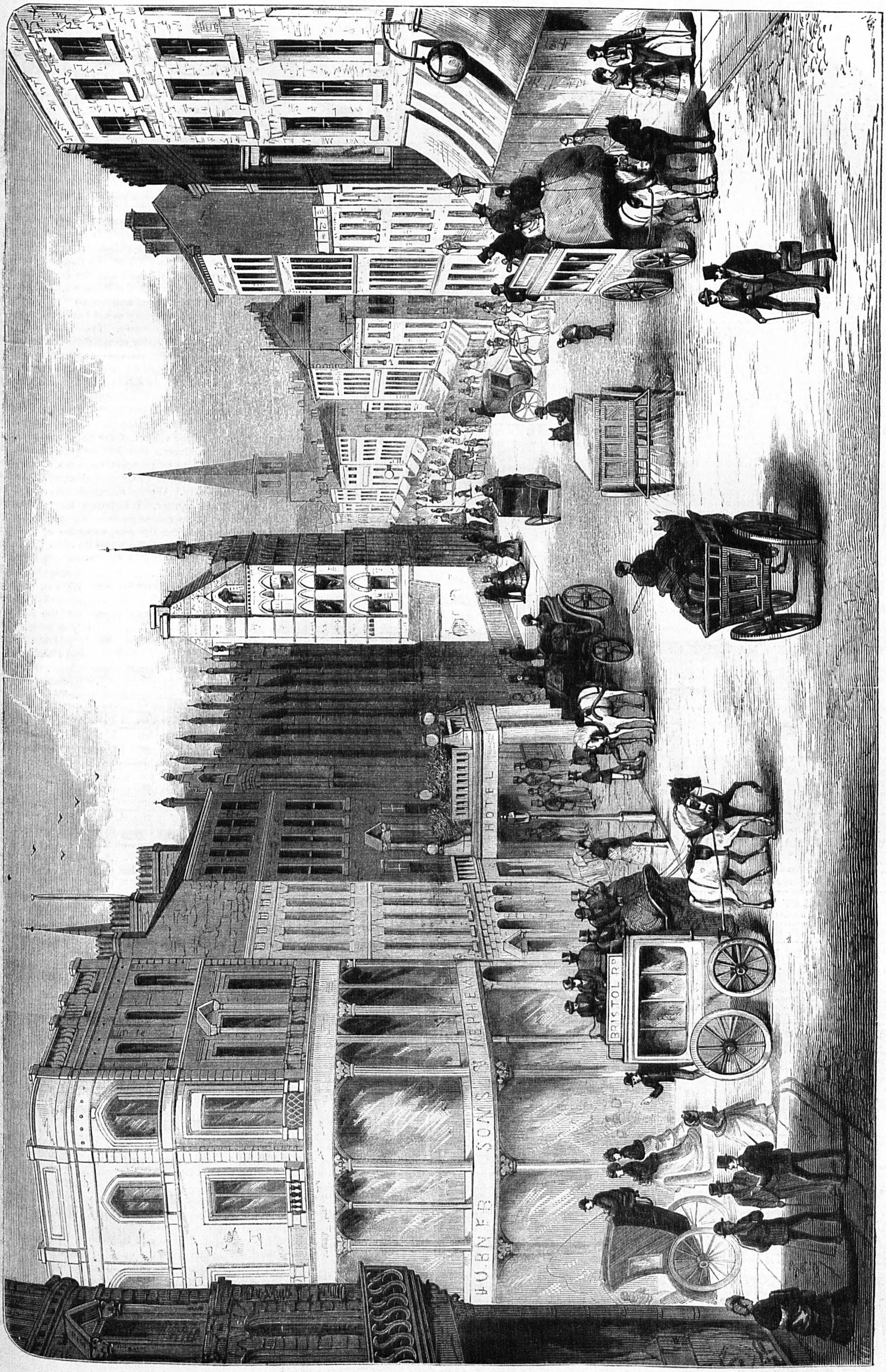
With all deference to the Clerk, we think there are precedents which might be quoted by way of analogy in support of the proposal to make a grant of this sort. Some Boards of Guardians have voted sums of money to pay the cost of the emigration of paupers.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul have given their popular songs and impersonations at the Strand Theatre the past week with a large measure of success. To-day (Saturday) they appear at a morning representation, beginning at three o'clock, when Mr. and Mrs. Rousby, the eminent actors, from the Queen's Theatre, will assist. The style of entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul is admirably adapted to the summer season, being light, bright, and not too prolonged. It is a sort of dramatic and operatic lunch, rather than a distinct meal, and therefore well accords with our midsummer taste. Mrs. Howard Paul has been in excellent voice, singing with all her old power, and Mr. Howard Paul has ripened into a stage humourist of the most whimsical pattern.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Never at Fault.—In all irritations of the skin, sores, ulcers, burns, and scrofulous enlargements of the glands, Holloway's Ointment presents a ready and easy means of cure, which never disappoints the most favourable expectation. It manifests a peculiar power in restraining inflammation, removing stagnation, cooling the heated blood, and checking all acrimonious or unhealthy discharges. Whilst the Ointment thus acts locally, the Pills are no less remarkable for their power in improving the general condition and habit of body, which renders the cures complete and permanent. Under the general influence of these potent remedies, the puny infant becomes the robust child; the pale and emaciated regain colour and rotundity, and the dyspeptic eats freely without fear.



DINNER-TIME AT MESSRS. HUNTLEY & PALMER'S BISCUIT MANUFACTORY, READING.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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE GRAND SALOON
SUMMER DINING ROOMS ARE NOW OPEN.
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NEW WORK BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

A series of Papers on
PUBLIC EDUCATION IN SWITZERLAND, by W. HEPWORTH DIXON, is now appearing in
THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE,
An Educational Record and Review.
Weekly, Price Sixpence.
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"Ample entertainment for the immense circle of readers it deserves to find and always will find."—*The Times, Oct.* 18, 1870.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.
ONE SHILLING MONTHLY.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES. By the Author of "Christopher Kenrick" and "The Tallants of Barton."
Chap. XI.—Fool's Bells and Cathedral Chimes.
„ XII.—An Interregnum.
„ XIII.—Out of the Shadow.
See Gentleman's Magazine for August.

SEA-WAIF. See Gentleman's Magazine for August.

THE SCOTT CENTENARY.—Sir Walter at his Desk. By Charles Pebody. See Gentleman's Magazine for August.

NEWMARKET. By "Whiz." See Gentleman's Magazine for August.

CARRIG O' GUNNELL. By Shiel Dhuv. See Gentleman's Magazine for August.

ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF ENGLAND. By Charles Cowden Clarke. V.—Addison and Steele. See Gentleman's Magazine for August.

THE LIFE GUARDS. II.—From 1716 to Waterloo. By An Army Chaplain. See Gentleman's Magazine for August.

A CRY FROM THE RANKS. By F. R. Syms. See Gentleman's Magazine for August.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT. A Series of Mosaics from the City. By D. Morier Evans. VIII.—Pinner's Hall Two Centuries Ago. See Gentleman's Magazine for August.

TABLE-TALK. By Sylvanus Urban, Gentleman. See Gentleman's Magazine for August.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE is Published by W. H. ALLEN & CO., 13, Waterloo Place, and Sold by all Booksellers.

"Ample entertainment for the immense circle of readers it deserves to find and always will find."—*Times.*

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for AUGUST.—Price One Shilling. Is now ready. The current story is "The Valley of Poppies;" Mr. Cowden Clarke on "The Comic Writers of England," "The Scott Centenary," Sylvanus Urban's "Table Talk," &c.
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THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for AUGUST.—Price One Shilling. Is now ready. It contains the third instalment of the new story
THE VALLEY OF POPPIES,
which was commenced in the June number.

"This story itself is enough to carry a shilling magazine into the hands of every one who can enjoy a thoroughly English story."—*Kent Herald.*
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"Ample entertainment for the immense circle of readers it deserves to find and always will find."—*Times.*

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for AUGUST.—Price One Shilling. Is now ready. It contains "The Life Guards," "Newmarket," "A Cry from the Ranks," "City Sketches," "Table Talk," "The Scott Centenary."
London: W. H. ALLEN & CO., 13, Waterloo Place.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is continued in this month's Gentleman's Magazine. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE ABERDEEN HERALD of June 3rd says:—The Gentleman's for June opens with a new story by the author of "Christopher Kenrick," bearing the somewhat strange title of "The Valley o. Poppies." The narrative is given out to be the autobiography of a curate, written at the request of some of his friends. The style of the writer is subdued and natural, and his descriptive abilities are of a high order. The opening chapters are very successful, and we shall watch with interest the incidents in the curate's life.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is continued in this month's Gentleman's Magazine. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE GLOBE of June 1 says:—We are glad to place in the foremost rank of the periodicals for June the far-famed Gentleman's Magazine. Very few can compare with it, either in the quality of their articles or in their varied and interesting character. A new novel, "The Valley of Poppies," opens this month, and so far it promises well.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is continued in this month's Gentleman's Magazine. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE PAISLEY GAZETTE says:—Laden with the memory of 140 years good old Sylvanus Urban begins his new volume with a new novel, "The Valley of Poppies," by the author of "Christopher Kenrick." And what is the Valley of Poppies? It is the parish of Summerdale-in-the-Water—"the sleepy hollow of fairy tales, the lost village, the border-land of life"—of which the perpetual curate was George Himbleton, who is the autobiographical hero of "The Vale of Poppies." We shall have something more to say of this novel, which promises well when the story gets farther on.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is continued in this month's Gentleman's Magazine. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE KENT HERALD of June 1st says:—The first chapters of the new tale by the author of "Christopher Kenrick" are given this month with such a lovely little vignette of the church of "Summerdale-in-the-Water." The genial, happy-minded author gives us a foretaste of a great treat in this story, and we believe it will become as great a favourite with the readers of the Gentleman's as "Christopher" himself was.

OSLER'S CRYSTAL GLASS CHANDELIERS.
TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS.
CHANDELIERS in BRONZE and ORMOLU.
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IMPORTANT NOTICE.
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NEW YORK: 82, FIFTH AVENUE. [425

B. BARNARDO,
76, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW,
The largest Importer and Manufacturer of FURS in Scotland. [382

THOMPSON'S KALYDOR SOAP
CONTAINS a large per-centage of Glycerine, in combination with other ingredients of the most emollient kind.
FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION
This Soap is invaluable. The Perfume is rich and enduring. Prices 4d. and 6d. per Tablet; and in Boxes of Three Cakes, 1s. and 1s. 6d. the Box.
FACTORY: 12, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON.
Wholesale and for Exportation. [436

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—On VIEW, a magnificent marriage group of H.R.H. the PRINCESS LOUISE and the MARQUIS of LORNE, the attire being an exact facsimile of that worn in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Open (during the holidays) from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. Passengers by Metropolitan Railway stop at Baker Street Station. [445

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PICTURES ON ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

A series of Sketches of
Picturesque Nooks and Corners of England
will shortly appear in
THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Each engraving will occupy a full page of the Paper, and be accompanied with letter-press description, including various details of interest and importance to Tourists.

THE SERIES WILL COMMENCE WITH NEW AND ORIGINAL PICTURES OF
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NOTICES.

The London Publishing Office of this Paper is at 102, Fleet-street, where the trade can now be supplied early on Friday mornings.

Communications for the Publisher should be addressed to 102, Fleet-street, London, E.C. All letters for the Editor must be addressed "Editor, Illustrated Newspaper, 72, Turnmill-street, London, E.C."

The rates of charges for Advertisements are as follow:—
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The matter in Serial Advertisements may be changed as desired. At the conclusion of existing Contracts no Block Advertisements will be inserted.

⁂ Advertisements cannot be received after 12 o'clock on Wednesdays.

The Paper will be delivered to the Public by any News-agent in London or the Country, at 13s. a year; or free by post from London for 15s., prepaid.

NOTICE.

1. PORTRAITS of the PRINCESS LOUISE and the MARQUIS of LORNE.
2. THE MARRIAGE of the PRINCESS LOUISE and the MARQUIS of LORNE.
3. THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION of 1871 and the HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.

A few copies of the above Tinted Lithographs (which were issued as Supplements to the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER) can still be had on application to the Publisher, price SIXPENCE, including an ordinary number of the paper, or on Rollers (to prevent creasing) price SIXPENCE.

THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, JULY 29, 1871.

Mr. Gladstone has carried the Army Bill by a *coup d'état.* He has galvanised into active life the Royal prerogative. His personal supporters applaud his courage, his opponents denounce him as an enemy to the Constitution. The Premier is not a man to be envied. Never did Minister go through a more harassing session than that which is about to close. Mr. Gladstone's triumph over the Lords is certainly one which no thoughtful man can applaud. Another such victory would seriously endanger the liberties of Parliament. We regarded the action of the Lords last week as a matter for regret. If the Peers had endorsed the principle of non-purchase, and asked for a complete measure of Army reform, they would have been supported by the whole of the country. The Duke of Richmond's motion theoretically meant this, but practically, taken in connection with the violent speeches that were made in favour of retaining the system of purchase, the action of the Lords was against the abolition of purchase. This, however, we cannot think justifies the course which has been taken by the Premier. It would have been far better for all parties had Mr. Gladstone accepted the verdict of the Lords and proceeded at once to introduce a new Bill, or promised for next session a complete and perfect measure which should have commended itself to the judgment of all sections of the community. We do not think this would have been a difficult matter. It is true a large measure of this kind gives an extensive front for attack, but the country has asked for the reorganisation of the Army, and the Lords would not have thrown out a Bill such as that which was promised in the Queen's Speech at the opening of the session, and which was roughly sketched out in the Ministerial programme. We can only hope that Her Majesty's Ministers will neutralise the bad impression which their action against the Lords has created by immediately and earnestly setting to work upon a measure of Army reform. It is lamentable, it is a gross reflection upon the Government and upon the country, that, notwithstanding the lessons of the last twelve months, we are practically where we were before the war between France and Germany. We have neither profited by the experience of that terrible calamity nor have we taken to heart the moral of that bitter story. Our Army remains in the same unsatisfactory condition; it has not been strengthened by a single regiment; we have hardly an additional gun in the service; the Volunteers have not yet received all their breech-loaders; there is not a single kit amongst the whole of them. All that we have succeeded in doing is to abolish purchase in the Army at an expense which would have supplied us with the additional troops we require and the armaments and defences necessary for the security of the country. *Per se*, the abolition of purchase is a good thing; but to call such a measure an Army Regulation Bill is a delusion and a snare—a snare into which the House of Commons fell on the promise of a comprehensive scheme of Army reorganisation, and a snare into which the Lords have been forced by what can only be regarded as a tyrannical use of power on the part of a passionate and indiscreet Minister.

The later clauses of the Ballot Bill are going through the House amidst a somewhat merry oratorical fire. The debate on Monday night is interspersed with "laughter." For example, the House was much tickled at Mr. Corrance's declaration that the honourable gentlemen on the Liberal benches knew absolutely nothing of what they were doing on this question. They laughed equally loud when Mr. Muntz, describing the blessings of the Ballot, said, when the measure was passed they would no longer see the howling mob insulting candidates and their friends; and in Ireland they would not see the priests shouting out, "Here comes the enemy of God and religion. I hope no gentleman will be so kind as to throw him over the bridge." Mr. Locke was humorous at the expense of Mr. Beresford Hope. The House knew, he said, that the honourable gentleman never changed his opinions, they did not expect him to change them on the Ballot; but, as to his fellow-watchers of the progress of the Bill, he did believe that in their hearts they must be enamoured of the Ballot, otherwise they would not have taken so much trouble to amend the Bill. Mr. Disraeli excited a good deal of merriment when, referring to the last election, he said if he had had the arbitrary disposition of a small number of voters, say 25,000 to 30,000, Mr. Gladstone's majority would not have existed. He mentioned this and other facts solely to encourage honourable gentlemen, and to show that we are not the slaves of an overwhelming democracy. Mr. Disraeli denied that undue influence existed in the counties, and predicted if it did that it would soon be as obsolete as the dodo. It was left, however, for Colonel STEPNEY to make the House hold its sides with laughter. The honourable member, when he stood upon his legs, was saluted with cries of "Speak out!" Amidst a great deal of confusion and embarrassment the gallant colonel said, "Mr. Speaker, I am a Welshman. I give, sir, Prosperity to the Ballot." Whether the colonel would have spoken further to the toast, or followed it up with any other sentiments, we are left in doubt. He sat down amidst roars of laughter. By and by, when the vacation comes, he will have an opportunity of continuing his brief post-prandial address at some Welsh agricultural dinner. It is questionable whether the Ballot will pass this session. There is some probability of Parliament meeting in the autumn specially for the purpose of passing the remaining clauses of the Bill.

We notice lately a growing habit in the House of using unparliamentary language and then withdrawing it; shooting the poisoned arrow and then apologising for the wound. Several leading members of the House have done this during the present session. It is becoming quite an ordinary parliamentary incident. On Monday evening Sir J. ELPHINSTONE, during the debate on the Ballot, said it was the incompetency of the right honourable gentleman at the head of the Government to conduct the business of the House which had brought about the present block. The right honourable gentleman introduced an Army Bill, and, having cut off its tail, he sent it to the other House, and then he resorted to the Royal Warrant, thereby inflicting an insult and outrage upon that House. The Chairman at once reminded the honourable gentleman that it was contrary to the rules of the House to attribute such a motive to a member of the House, as inflicting an insult and outrage upon the other House. Sir J. ELPHINSTONE, of course, withdrew the expression. This is the usual formulary, the modern fashion of effectively using unparliamentary language.

We publish the portraits of the Emperor and Empress of BRAZIL, and several other sketches of kindred interest. The Emperor spends this week at Oxford. We believe he goes thence into the North of England. The rapidity of his movements, and the extraordinary amount of sight-seeing and business which His Majesty gets through in a day, are the wonder and gossip of the clubs and drawing-rooms of London. They have had many strange visitors at Claridge's Hotel, but never before a monarch who expects his coffee and his *Times* before five o'clock in the morning. The Emperor has brought to England with him his Brazilian habit of early rising. The other morning he was in Covent Garden by five o'clock. He will find that the people of the North of England will take kindly to these morning rambles.

DINNER-TIME at Messrs. Huntley and Palmer's biscuit factory, Reading, is the subject of an illustration in our pages this week. Our subscribers at home and abroad will, we are sure, feel an interest in this pictorial representation of an establishment of so much celebrity.

THE ENTRY OF GERMAN TROOPS INTO BERLIN.

We this week give a supplement and two full-page illustrations representing the entry of the German troops into Berlin. Never before had the old German city experienced festivities on so grand a scale as in June last. Every street was in a flutter with flags and decorations. The troops made their triumphal entry on the 19th, and on the 16th the eager inhabitants, excited to the utmost degree with expectation, began to take their places. The special correspondent of the *Daily News*, who at the time gave a graphic description of the whole affair, thus describes the scene:—Now the cheering in the Platz bursts out frantically, as Police President Von Wurmb, with his satellites about him, and resplendent in medals and epaulettes, comes through the gate. There is a longish interval, which Wurmb improves by gossiping with the pretty girls. Then there is a mighty roar as old Wrangel rides in, the aged warrior-contemporary of Blucher, still straight and soldierlike, in his Cuirassier uniform and plumed helmet. In rear of him rides General Coblentz, the Austrian, and another officer of the same nationality. Not a few take them for Frenchmen, since they wear red trousers. Then comes the general staff—a glitter of varied uniforms—followed by the officers commanding army corps; of these one or two surely might well have been in the next succeeding rank—that of generals commanding armies. If the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg is in the latter category, why not Von der Tann, Von Werder, and Von Göben? One may ask the question, but he cannot alter the arrangement; and now there are passing the Crown Prince of Saxony, a gallant soldier and a good general; Manteuffel, grim, grey, and wiry; chubby old Steinmetz, and the out-of-place Duke of Mecklenburg. Their staffs fill up the square for the time with a brilliant medley, till they get a thoroughfare through the magistrates, and one has time to recognise among the Johanniters who also follow the Princes of Pless and Reuss, and good Baron Kraunn of Courcelles. Now came, riding abreast, three men whose names are famous throughout all the world—Moltke, Bismarck, and Roon. Then, at an interval of twenty paces, and alone, rides Kaiser Wilhelm, on his strong dapple brown, brusquely bowing in response to the tremendous cheering. At the distance of another twenty yards come the Crown Prince and Prince Friedrich Carl, the former in a blue uniform with yellow sash, the latter in his invariable dress of the Red Hussars. A deputation of the girls, headed by Miss Blaeser, troop out of the box, and the Emperor halts while the young lady addresses him in a commendably short address. (See page 324.) When it is done he steps down towards her, and the ladies around me in their gushing way will have it that he kissed her. I did not see him do it, but, conscientiously speaking, I think he might have done worse, for Miss Blaeser is a very pretty girl. Then the Emperor wheels to the right and rides by the verge of the tribune where are seated the wounded convalescent officers—some sadly maimed—whom he greets with bows and hand shakings. Then he takes the straight road again, and is under the magistrates' awning; where he is summarily arrested by the Burgermeister-depute Hedemann—with the inevitable address. The Burgomaster is not so pleasant-looking as Miss Blaeser, and he is ever so much longer. Bismarck, weary of the *copia verborum* seemingly, takes his feet out of the stirrups, and has a good stretch and a yawn. The Red Prince impatiently chucks his horse in the mouth, and throws it on its haunches, for he is a man of action, not of words—and, in truth, Herr Hedemann is very prosy. It is a weary halt, but at last the Burgomaster is done. The Emperor says not much in reply, but with considerable gesticulation. He does not kiss Hedemann—Hedemann is old and hairy. In England the Burgomaster would have been asked to kneel down, and when he got up he would have found himself a baronet; but there are no baronets in Germany, and he is content with a shake of the Imperial hand. And so the Emperor is out of sight, followed by his Princes and Poins; we see the last of him soon after one o'clock.

Presently comes the Staff of the Guards, with Prince Augustus of Wurtemberg at its head, and then follows the 1st Guard Infantry Regiment, marching to the "Entry of Paris March," in the formation of double fours. They are greeted by tremendous cheering and much waving of handkerchiefs. The second battalion has lost ground, and has to make it up at a brisk double, which the men seem to enjoy, and the spectators too. Yes, Berlin burghers, that is the pace and the spirit with which the Guards were wont to go at anything hostile that came in their way; and who ever saw them coming back? The 3rd Guard Infantry, a Berlin regiment, is very warmly greeted, with its ragged colours, as it follows its comrade regiment, and there are not a few women in its ranks, which look rather ragged in consequence. Right gallantly comes on the "composite battalion," amid a wildly enthusiastic ovation; and then follow the Guard Jäger, marching splendidly, but scudding under bare poles, in a sense, for every rag of their colours has been shot away, and all that is to the fore is the splintered staff. Von Medem heads his brigade, the 2nd, and after him come the "Ladybirds," the 2nd Guard Infantry, who had got the wish of their hearts at last and flown away home. At their head rides Count Kannitz. Staunch old Budritski is yet to come. Yes, here he is, with his keen eyes and white moustache; his head is not "in a bag" to-day, as it was one sortie day when I met him on the Aulney road. There is something of the terrier about the face of him, but he does not burrow, he clears—witness that day when, with the banner of the Elizabeths in his hand, he cleared the Le Bourget barricade amid the storm of lead with Kannitz by his side; and behind the Kaiser Alexander Regiment come on the Elizabeths themselves. Neither they nor the other "Queen" regiment, the Königinn Augusta, march home with the colonels who led them—to both was Le Bourget fatal. Under the weeping willows by the Chateau of Arnonville lies gallant Zaluskovski, colonel of the Elizabeths, with eight of his officers around him. Count Waldersee, of the Augustas, recovered from one wound in Sedan, went down to rise no more at that awkward affair in Le Blanc Mesnil road. But with Zaluskovski the pith did not go out of the Elizabeths. Look at von Altrock there, at the head of the 1st battalion—the big man, with as many lives as a cat. I wonder if the fourteen bullet-holes are mended yet in his mackintosh. And at the head of the 2nd battalion marches black von Thummel, *sui profusus, alieni appetens*, only not of pelf, but of blood.

LITERATURE.

"The Best of all Good Company." Edited by Blanchard Jerrold. (London: The Useful Knowledge Company.) Mr. Jerrold has projected a very useful and entertaining serial. He says:—"My design and hope in undertaking this series of days with the 'Best of all Good Company' is to fill the heads of the rising generation, and indeed of the risen generation, with a desire to become better acquainted with the best writers of this and other countries. My 'Days' will, I hope, lead readers to form life-long acquaintances that shall have the best and happiest influences on their lives. If they should draw readers from that

> —— very unedifying stuffage of mind

which is offered to them in the shape of light current literature, to become the companions of the noble minds that, we are told, 'taken up any way are profitable company,' my object will be reached." The object is a good one, the ambition laudable, the promise of the first number great. The series opens with "A Day with Charles Dickens," and we confess to have spent the time very pleasantly and instructively. Mr. Jerrold knew Dickens well and talks of him well. There is nothing more interesting or more instructive in its way than personal reminiscences of great men. Blanchard Jerrold's experience of Dickens was a very happy experience, and we are glad to meet the two men in Mr. Jerrold's entertaining pages. The work under notice is made all the more valuable by a well-executed fac-simile of a page of Charles Dickens's MS. copy for the printer. Mr. Jerrold is a very industrious author. He has set himself no ordinary task in "The Best of all Good Company." He has announced thirty different "Days" with thirty different men and women of eminence. No. II. of the series is to be "A Day with Scott," which will, no doubt, have a large sale in connection with the Centenary.

COROAS INDIANS.

Our front page gives a representation of the Coroas Indians, who walked 1,200 miles to see the Emperor of Brazil leave his home for England. During their journey they had to swim across several rivers, nearly the whole of their travelling being through forest land. These five Indians belong to the tribe of the Coroas, or Corohas, who inhabit the banks of the river Soriano, a confluent of the Tocantino. They are famous for their wars against the Tymbzras, of the interior of Maranham. They belong to the great family of the Tapuzos. The central figure is the captain. The journey was commenced in the beginning of April, 1871, the Indians travelling for four months before reaching Rio de Janeiro.

MEMORIES.

Sitting to-night, while the twilight
Wraps all the landscape about,
From the gloom of my shadowy chamber
My thoughts go silently out.
Like a train of nuns, all hooded,
And clad in garments grey,
Over the hills they wander,
To the meadows far away.

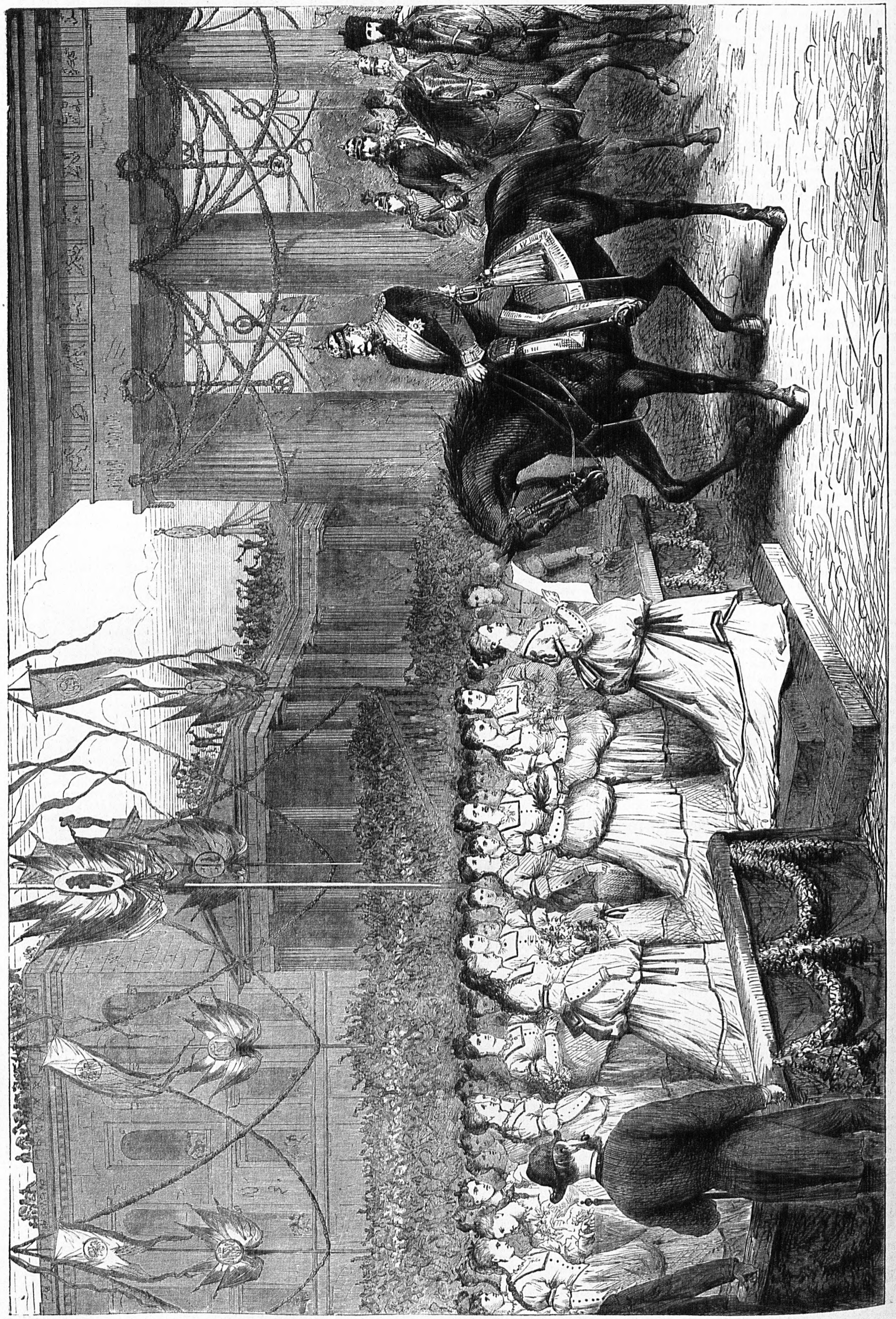
One memory stops by the wayside,
Where a grave is green and low,
And sits down, singing softly
About the long ago;
But under the sound of its singing
Is an undertone of tears,
For the grave hides under its grasses
The brightest dream of years.

And another memory wanders
Away to a shady nook,
Where the robin sings over and over
Its song to the rhythm of the brook.
And sits down, silent and tearful,
As we sit in an empty room
From whence they have borne a loved one
Out to the low, still tomb.

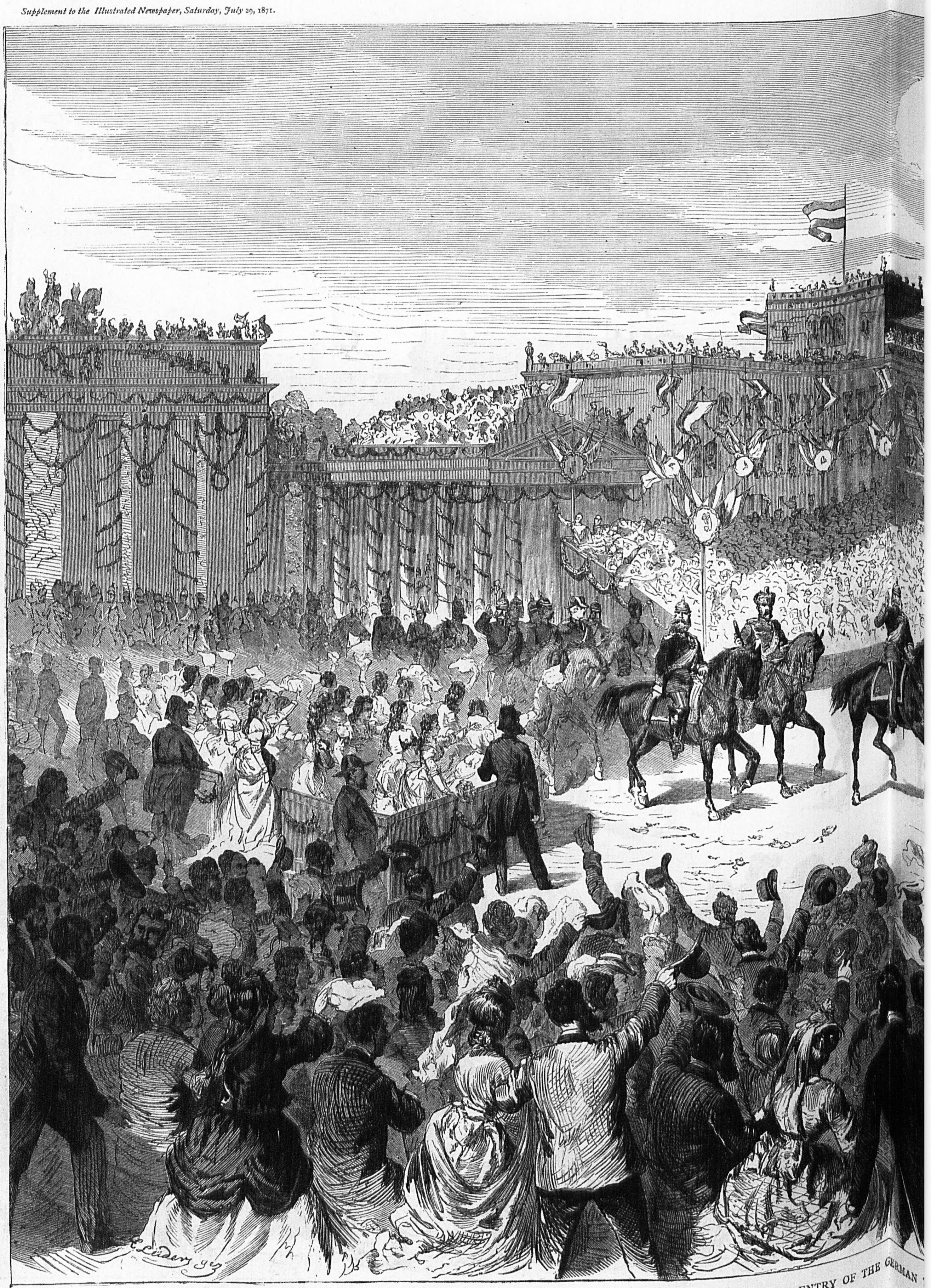
And another, with silent footstep,
Goes in o'er a threshold old,
Where the grass, like a miser, is hoarding
The dandelion's gold.
And up through the empty chambers
It wanders like a ghost,
Come back from the past to visit
The scene that it loved the most.

Hither and thither they wander,
Full of a strange unrest,
And they call to me over the hilltop
That the old times were the best.
But my feet cannot turn backward,
For the past leads ever away,
And is lost at last in the shadow,
In the valley wide and grey.

The Emperor of Brazil.—On page 328 we give portraits of the Emperor and Empress of Brazil. Dom Pedro II. was born on December 2, 1825, and is the son of Dom Pedro I., of Braganza and Bourbon, and of Leopoldina, Archduchess of Austria; is the legitimate descendant of the three great royal houses in Europe—Braganza, Bourbon, and Hapsburg, and was proclaimed upon the abdication of his father, in April, 1831, at the age of five years and some months. The Government was at first administered by a Council of Regency, and afterwards by one regent; and so truly had statesmen of every political shade the good of their country and the rights of the prince at heart, that during the critical period from 1831 to 1835 Brazil preserved its constitution. The young Emperor was educated with great care; his two sisters—Donna Januaria, married to the Count of Aquila, brother of the ex-King of Naples; and Donna Francisca, married to the Prince de Joinville—shared with equal ardour their brother's varied studies. In July, 1840, Dom Pedro II.—although he had not attained his majority—was declared of age by the Chambers, and assumed the sovereign power when not quite fifteen. In 1843 his Imperial Majesty was married to the Princess Theresa Christina Maria, sister of Francis I., late King of Naples; from which union were born two princes, who died young, and two princesses. Dom Pedro is an expert horseman, and delights in athletic exercises. When at Rio he is constantly in public, receives twice a week his subjects and foreigners, is very courteous in his manners, and writes and speaks fluently English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian. He is strongly attached to literature, and liberally patronises industrial enterprises, by encouraging public works and perfecting the navigation of rivers. The crowning point of his policy has been his bold attack on the national prejudice of the necessity of employing black slaves, which he has entirely overcome. The policy of the Emperor and of the Brazilian Chambers was not only to decree the suppression of the traffic, but to open up to agriculturists new ways and means by which they might dispense with black labourers. This was done by attracting European colonists to Brazil, by encouraging the settlement of small colonies; and the planters and landed proprietors throughout the empire now prefer free to slave labour. The aid which he afforded to General Urquiza contributed greatly to the overthrow of Rosas, and the fruits of this intervention were an aggrandisement of territory, and the free navigation of the Plate river, which have contributed greatly to the prosperity of the Brazils. The firm and judicious attitude he assumed in 1862, in the quarrel which broke out between his Government and that of Great Britain, which was settled in his favour by the arbitration of the King of the Belgians, tended greatly to consolidate his power.



THE ENTRY OF GERMAN TROOPS INTO BERLIN: RECEPTION OF THE EMPEROR AT THE BRANDENBURG GATE.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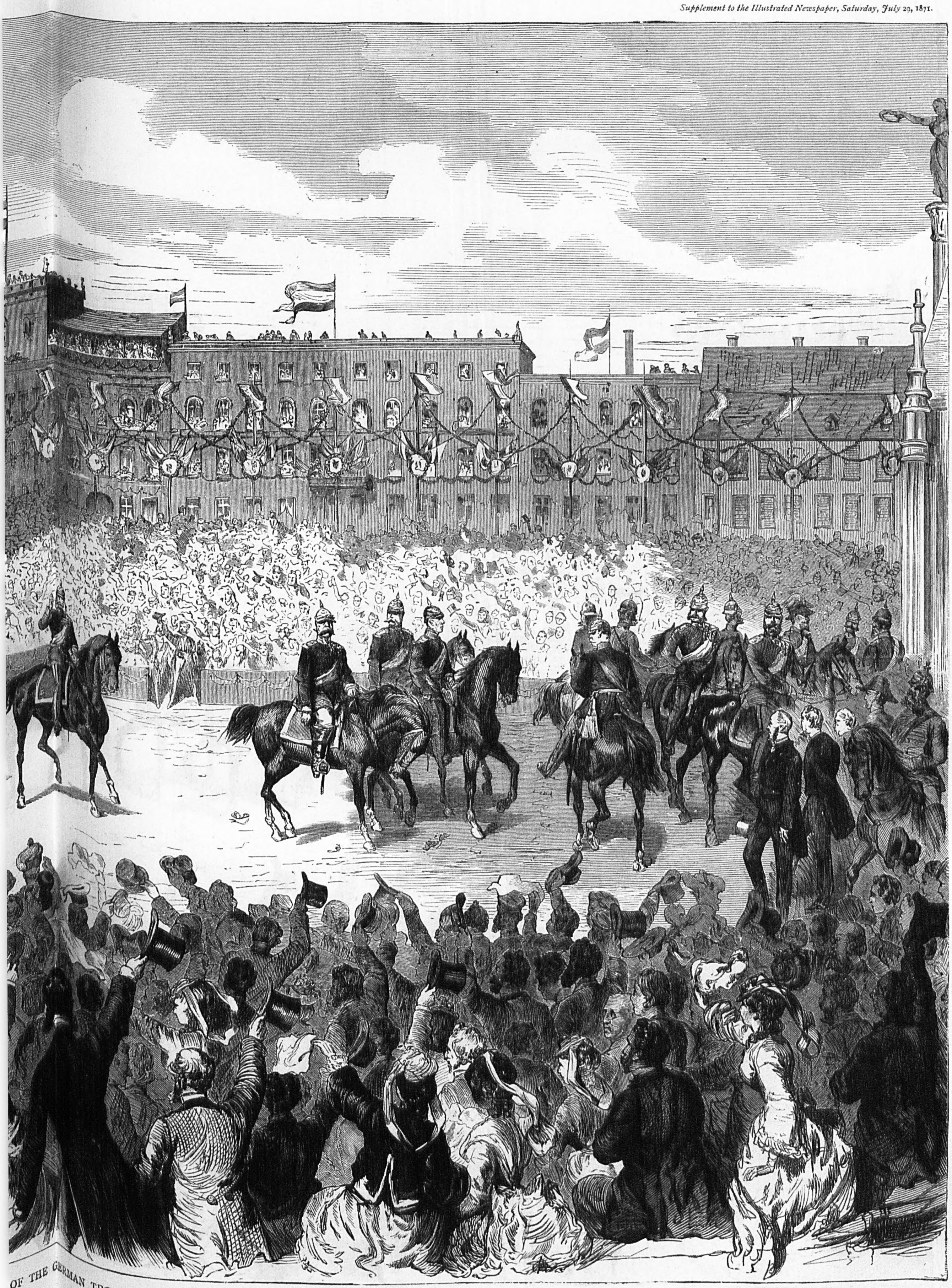
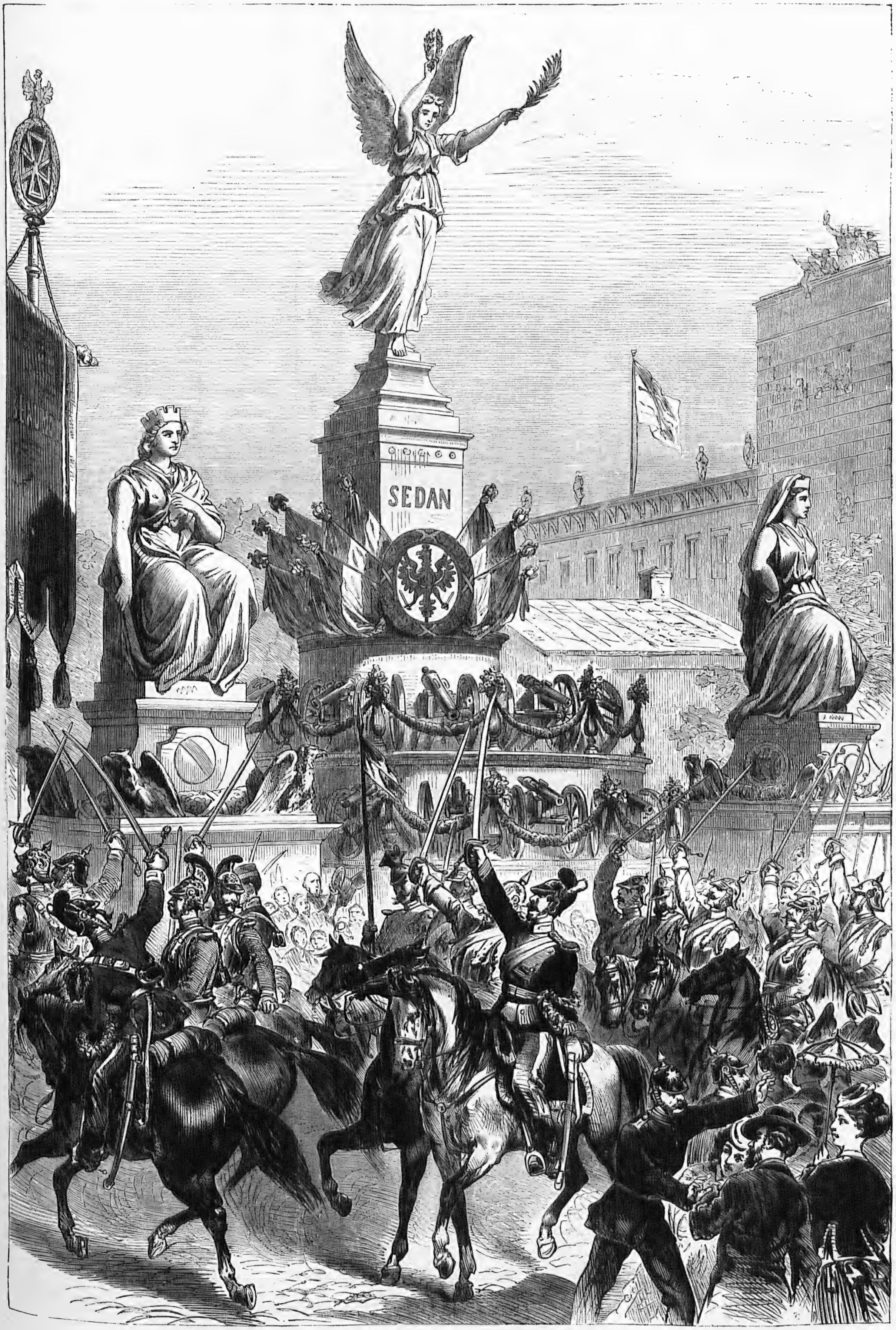


OF THE GERMAN TROOPS INTO BERLIN.



TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF GERMAN TROOPS INTO BERLIN: Passing through Potsdamer Platz.

BY RAIL TO "THE WILLOWS."

By BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. TOWSE—CLEANED.

MR. TOWSE, when he had completed his day's work, and given a final pat to Bess, as she munched her corn in the warm stables—the fragrance of which was delightful to the carter, being associated in his mind with his affection for the old mare; Mr. Towse, his day's work done, and the last touch having been thoughtfully given to the neatness of the harness-room, invariably proceeded—it might be wet, or it might be dry—to the pump, to clean himself—or, according to Mrs. Towse, "hisself." Towse would pull off his bright blue kerchief—bare his knotty neck—draw his right shirt-sleeve back to his shoulder, and then splash and blow and hiss under the icy column of hard spring water, until his face was purple. He would shake his head afterwards to get rid of the streams of water that were eddying through his tangled hair, jerk the wet from his hands, and just touch the points of his face with a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief. Mrs. Smithett's cook vowed that Towse used the curry-comb for his hair—a harmless sarcasm—since Towse's hair was upon his head as tangled as a bunch of sea-weed to refute every accusation of having been touched by any combing instrument whatever. The sacrifice that Towse offered up to the Graces was a vigorous if not a complete one. When he appeared, smiling and shining, in Mr. Smithett's warm and spacious kitchen, to know whether anything were wanted in the town, before repairing to his customary seat in the tap-room of the Flower Pot, he was welcome, although he diffused a stable odour that, according to the cook, remained for hours after he retired.

It is impossible to account for it, but an idea had taken a firm hold of Towse—that would remain undimmed with him to his dying day—that he was a wit. At the time when he took his humble part in the story which is here unfolding he was on the worse side of fifty, yet not the oldest of his friends could call to mind one bright thing he had said in the course of his peaceful, cheerful, and laborious life. He was an incessant laugher. His eyes had the merry twinkle of stars. There was always a chuckle in his throat—as though he had a bird of lively temperament there. His sparkling imagination saw a fancy of high worth in everything he said. To confess the whole truth, Towse was often a trying companion. He so completely enjoyed his own society, and was so satisfied that his mouth was formed to drop pearls, that he held it to be a most unfortunate accident, not so much for himself as for society at large, that he was not a constant contributor to the pages of *Mr. Punch*. He could not write his name under ten minutes, nor without the most extravagant facial contortions; nevertheless, it was his belief that, had he chosen to make *Mr. Punch* acquainted with his whereabouts, that urbane jester would have shouldered his staff, whistled to dog Toby, and taken the next train for Barford, in order to secure, for the term of his natural life, the wit of Towse.

On a certain evening Towse, as he stood by the pump, unheeding a sharp east wind that was blowing through the leafless, swaying trees upon his wet face, held his blue handkerchief spread over his broad palm, and fairly laughed out. He stamped upon the ground, to recall his lively spirits within the bounds of decorum, and applied the handkerchief to his wet face; but the tremendous jest that was rioting in his brain tickled him again and again. This time, planting his palms on the knees of his corduroy smalls, he roared his laughter out in rich volumes until the sound of it startled him, and the dog barked. At the height of his paroxysm, he felt a heavy slap on his shoulder. Quick as the good fairy makes place for the ogre in the magic lantern, the face of Towse stiffened into an expression of gloom and fear.

"Lor! is that you, Master Joe?" he said, when he saw his master's son.

"Why, yes, you see it is, Towse!" Master Joe replied; "you seem to be excellent company for yourself. But it's selfish, Towse—confoundedly selfish—to have it all to yourself. Come, out with it. What was the fun? A penny for your thoughts. Hang it! yours must be worth a five pound note. What was up?"

Towse looked very perplexed. He explained in the kitchen that he felt "all of a heap."

"You were not laughing at me, Towse, at any rate, were you?"

Towse started, and looked shy and sheepish. Was he laughing at his young master? And wherefore? Or had he made one of those overwhelmingly laughable jokes which it was his sole privilege to see?

"At you, Master Joe? that isn't so bad neither!" Towse chuckled audibly.

"I'm going into the town; the Governor's there. Put a saddle on the cob, Towse, there's a man, and be quick about it. There's a meeting to-night at the Dragon."

Towse dabbed his handkerchief over his wet head, took up the lantern, and bustled off to the stables. While he fastened the saddle, still chuckling, Master Joe adjusted the bridle. As he was lifting it over the cob's ears, he heard Towse laughing to himself.

"Come now, Towse! what *is* the fun? Out with it!"

"I'm a stupid old man, Master Joe," Towse replied, still laughing. "It's nothin'; nothin', that's sartin, Master Joe. It's better to laugh than to cry, ain't it, Master Joe? as I tells the old woman when she says—'Towse, I'm ashamed on you, sitting and laughin' there, fit to kill yourself, when you might make yourself handy, instead of lettin' the kettle bile over,' she says."

"So, gently; he's skittish to-night," said Master Joe, as he reached the cob's back.

"He always is; but he's as good as gold. I sometimes say he's almost as good-natur'd as Bess."

"Leave him, Towse, and now laugh away, and I hope you'll catch it from the old woman when you get home—d'ye hear?"

With this, Master Joe trotted briskly away through the works.

"He knows who's on his back, he do," said Towse, as he watched his young master's skilful handling of the cob. And then he chuckled again.

Towse hobbled off as usual to the kitchen, to know whether there were any orders for the town.

"Giggling again!" said the cook, who was sitting before the fire, with her list slippers toasting upon the shining iron fender. Noel, the housemaid, was reading the *London Journal* to her.

"Avaunt, base deceiver!" Noel read, as Towse entered. "And know——." Noel threw down the journal, and sailed majestically out of the kitchen.

Mr. Towse took a chair by the fire, and said, "You *do* look snug as——"

"As what?" cook tartly responded. "And please don't clap your feet on my clean fender. There, pray don't giggle in that way in my kitchen. Noel will be down directly. I'm sure I don't know what missus wants you a-coming here every night for; and I don't think she knows herself."

Towse bit his blue handkerchief, and grew purple in the face. Laugh he must.

"I think you're a-goin' stark, starin' mad," said the cook, moving away from him; "and I'm not the only one as thinks it. You're getting a puffect fool, Towse; so there, I've said it, and what's out's out."

Noel returned with a message. If the smelts were pretty cheap at the fishmonger's, he was to send some for supper; but he was to mind that they were quite fresh.

"Smelts—fish—at this time of night, Noel! Of all the places I ever set my foot in! Well! keep a clear fire till the—the doose knows when. Yes; send smelts here to-night. Send 'em, that's all, Towse; just do."

Towse dropped his handkerchief into his hat. It so nearly filled it, it was wonderful to see that he kept it on his head.

"No more of your nonsense, Towse—GO!" cried the cook, who saw that the wit was coming out again.

"Avaunt! Eh!" cried Towse, gaily pointing to the journal, which was already in Noel's hands. "I could tell you something as would come much nearer home than that there." Towse was beginning to laugh again.

Noel was all curiosity. She had frequently declared that she liked to have a bit of fun with old Towse; it did her heart good.

"Another love business? I declare I shall leave the neighbourhood."

Towse writhed with excess of merriment, and Noel went into the back kitchen to have her laugh out. Cook was fairly in a passion. "Towse, if you don't leave my kitchen, I'll throw a mug of water over you, as soon as look at you." Towse decamped.

It was a full night at the Flower Pot, and Mr. Towse, anticipating what he called "an uncommon meet," had walked across the fields as fast as his uncertain legs would carry him; had resolutely found the smelts uncommonly cheap at the fishmonger's; and had hastened to the door of his favourite hostelry. Decidedly he had something on his mind that gave him extraordinary pleasure. He saluted Mr. Daffydown with marked courtesy, and was even urbane in his manner towards Mr. Hoole, the Vicar's footman, who was airing his calves before the tap-room fire in his very grandest manner. Mr. Hoole closed his eyes, and bowed in acknowledgment of Mr. Towse's salutation. His manner was superb.

Mr. Towse seated himself in his accustomed corner, ordered his pint of beer, and took up his pipe. His eyes twinkled, and his usual chuckle bubbled musically in his throat.

"Didn't see you, Mr. Buss; good evening," Mr. Towse began. His recognition was graciously acknowledged by Mr. Buss, who was no less than Mr. Stooks's assistant. Mr. Buss was the gentleman of the room; and the landlord was very proud to have him there, although Mr. Hoole was in the habit of regarding him with great disdain, and of treating him with marked familiarity, intending to convey to him his opinion that the servant of a bishop's nephew and son-in-law was a trifle higher in the social scale than a country draper's assistant, any day in the week. Mr. Buss, on his part, told his immediate friends that Hoole was a flunkey who amused him. Mr. Hoole, it is almost superfluous to state, scorned Mr. Stooks and his followers of the chapel.

"There's a meeting at the Dragon, to-night," said Mr. Buss; "a meeting of our committee—your governor, Mr. Towse, in the chair."

"So I've just heard," said Towse, "leastwise, I saddled the cob for young Mr. Smithett to go there."

Mr. Hoole looked languidly, first at one speaker, and then at the other, and lastly into the fire.

"Is the Vicar there?" asked a stableman gruffly from a corner.

"The Vicar knows nothing about it—no more than I do; and I'm quite surprised at the question." Mr. Hoole tossed his head as a sign of his displeasure; and ordered up another pint of beer, to show that he had not, however, lost his presence of mind.

"No offence, I hope," said the stableman, deferentially, winking the while at the company behind Mr. Hoole's back.

"He might be worse employed, I think," was the bold reply of Mr. Buss.

"*You* think, Mr. Buss," said Mr. Hoole, as though it were a very great liberty in a country draper's assistant to think at all.

"And *I* think, for the matter of that," said Mr. Towse, in support.

Mr. Hoole was polite enough to turn on the last speaker, and indulge in, for him, a hearty laugh.

"When I passed the fishmonger's to-night," Mr. Daffydown observed, in his pleasant, pictorial way, "lawk a mussy, how them sprats—not the sorted ones, neither—was a laughin' at the smelts."

"Was they, indeed," said Mr. Towse, with mock gravity—the chuckle rising in his throat in spite of him. "About what time might it ha' been when you was passin'?"

"Half-past seven. But what of that? It won't do this time, Mr. Towse: it's mine, it's mine."

"Half-past seven, and now it's nine, or thereabouts. Well, about this time them same smelts, or I'm much mistaken, is, every man-jack of 'em, a frying away in my governor's fryin' pan; for they was ordered by me afore I come here——"

A burst of laughter greeted Mr. Towse, but he waved it down, that he might strike the final blow—"So I don't know whatever you and Mr. Hoole'll do for your suppers. It's very awk'ard, very." Mr. Towse now relighted his pipe, and laughed, and blew out solid, milky clouds, and then laughed again. A hatful of gold would not have drawn Mr. Towse from his seat of triumph.

"You are a wicked 'un," presently said the gruff-voiced stableman; which was the signal for another round of laughter.

"I'm always glad to see people amused, Daffydown; can't you say something else to show off their friend, Mr. Towse? Amusement for the people is the go now, I believe," sneered Mr. Hoole.

"Yes; elewate us, Mr. Daffydown, do," the irrepressible stableman growled, winking violently at Towse to urge him on. Towse was by this time ready for any encounter.

"Leastwise," said he, "we shan't permit 'em to let us down."

"Nor let us in," chimed Mr. Buss. Whereupon Mr. Hoole, who felt that his side was getting the worst of it, and that Daffydown was not equal to a sustained fire, observed:

"That Mutual Improvement Society has done you good, sir."

"Thank'ee," replied Mr. Buss, whose wit did not go beyond this; "I feel a little better!"

"Mr. Buss returns thanks for kind inquiries," growled the stableman, of whom it was already prophesied by more than one gentleman present that Mr. Hoole would certainly punch his 'ead before the evening was over.

"Have you heard thenews, Towse?" Mr. Buss asked.

"No, I ain't, Mr. Buss."

"Well, I was told in the shop to-day—by some one who ought to be an authority—one of the railway clerks is going to be married to the eldest Miss Dudwell."

"And I've heard from somebody else who ought to be an authority," Mr. Hoole replied, "that young Mr. Dudwell has pulled the nose of a railway clerk who had the impudence to write a letter to one of his sisters."

"That's nigher the mark," said Daffydown; "and a friend of mine seed him do it—that's more."

Towse appeared to be delighted with the turn the conversation had taken. He moved about uneasily in his seat, and chuckled, and laughed to himself, and muttered that he could tell the company something he had seen that day with his own eyes. But he wouldn't—no, that he wouldn't. Mr. Daffydown proclaimed himself ready to eat his own head when a Miss Dudwell had married a railway clerk.

"Calf's head's not such a very bad thing neither," quoth Mr. Towse, who had never been so good before that evening, and was never so good afterwards—although it is just to say he tried his hardest. The laugh was again on the side of Towse, although Mr. Hoole (who ought to be an authority) asserted that the joke was vulgar and not worthy of the room.

"Suppose we change the conversation from Mr. Daffydown's head—I beg pardon, calf's head," Mr. Buss was good enough to interpose, "and persuade friend Towse to favour us with the bit of news he hinted at just now. I'm sure he will oblige the company."

Towse was in an ecstacy of enjoyment. "No, no," he replied, "I mustn't. It would be a deal too much for Mr. Daffydown's feelin's, and I'm afeard Mr. Hoole would faint outright."

"Don't give yourself the smallest uneasiness about me," Mr. Hoole said, with severe disdain—plainly intimating that nothing Towse, nor any of his friends, might say, could, under any circumstances, have the remotest effect on his serene highness.

Towse laughed, and vowed that he knew it would be too much for them. They would never recover it. The room would for ever afterwards lose their agreeable society. Yet he thought it was the very best joke he had seen in his born days. "Remember, gents," said Towse, still whetting the appetite of his audience; "remember, it's what I seed with my own eyes. No hearsay, understand me; it's not a nose as a friend of mine seed pulled—none of that."

"This is torture to the gentlemen opposite," said the considerate Mr. Buss. "Mr. Hoole is on thorns."

"'Should be very sorry to disturb him at any time," remarked Towse—who surpassed himself that evening—who, indeed, surpassed the Towse of every other evening, before or since.

"Out with it, Towse, like a brick, as you are," were the encouraging words of the stableman; "or you'll keep these gentelmen here all night."

"When I've finished my beer, I go," was Mr. Daffydown's stolid rejoinder.

Had the company remained in their seats all the night, the wicked Towse, let the reader be assured, would not have afforded them the smallest instalment of satisfaction. As it happened, neither their patience nor his reticence was put to the test.

Mr. Daffydown had not finished his beer, and had, therefore, not taken his departure, when a loud talking was heard at the door of the Flower Pot. There occurred a rapid interchange of startling exclamations—"Here's a shindy!" "Whose trap is it?" "He's a plucked 'un!" "Young Mr. Dudwell, is it?" "Which of the clerks is it?" "Serve him right!"—and a few more snatches of conversation of this exciting description soon emptied the taproom. The landlord declared that they tumbled out of the room like rats out of a hole when a ferret's at work.

Mr. Dudwell, who lived in the valley of the Bar, in an old red brick Manor House of the time of Queen Anne, and had stood twice, unsuccessfully, for the county; who was a county magistrate, and a breeder of some of the finest pens of pigs at every successive meeting of the Smithfield Club Cattle Show, had reared, in addition to his porcine family, a son and heir. The heir, it was said in the neighbourhood, was as fat as the fattest of his father's hogs. Mr. Richard Algernon Dudwell was fat—very fat—for his age. He was known for very many miles round the Manor House, ere he had reached his twentieth year, as the fastest young gentleman in the county. He was an only son, and both his father and his mother, who were a couple of particularly weak character, had combined to spoil him by humouring his maddest follies, with the explanation that young men would be young men. "Impossible," said Mr. Dudwell, to his friends, "to put an old head on young shoulders. Better let him run his length now than leave the crop of wild oats to be sown at forty. Dick will settle down as his father did before him."

Dick's vices, however, were not those which the world calls gentlemanly vices. He was a sot—a frequenter of bar-parlours, a keen hunter of rats with terriers. He was powerful in the skittle alley, and ready to meet any man at quoits. A more popular man with ostlers than Mr. Dick never turned up the dust of a country road with a dogcart. He had many young friends, for his pockets were never empty. His father had endeavoured to give him the education of a gentleman. He had enjoyed the advantages of good private tutors; but, being as self-willed as he was lazy, he was so ignorant that, when his college life should have opened, the last tutor who had endeavoured to drag him up to the mark had deemed it his duty to advise his father not to send him to Oxford. Mr. Dudwell was disappointed, and severely scolded his son for his inattention to his studies. The quarrel soon passed over, however, and Mr. Dick found himself henceforth free to spend his life unmolested amongst his chosen associates. His three sisters vied with his parents in heaping every conceivable attention upon his boorish head. He was the pet bear of the Manor House. He swore at the servants, drank beer enough to satisfy the throat of a drayman, and delighted to encase his overgrown anatomy in the costume of a gamekeeper. He kept three terriers; he possessed ferrets; and he had the longest and best filled pipe rack it had ever been his good fortune to gaze upon.

This was the worthy who added to his laurels the feat of having pulled the nose of the new railway contractor's chief clerk. His eldest sister, Maria Honoria Dudwell, had given certain encouragement to the secret attentions of the railway clerk, and it was with her knowledge that the clerk was in the garden pacing up and down a walk behind the shrubs, on the tiptoe of amorous expectation, when he was suddenly accosted by Mr. Dick, who was returning from a rat hunt, with his three terriers at his heels. Mr. Dick happened to be at that point between sobriety and intoxication which his friends called his quarrelsome stage. He was not an over-valiant man in his cooler moments, but he was sometimes a savage in his cups.

"What the devil do you want here?" were the words in which he accosted the stranger who was within his father's gates. He knew the clerk by sight, and the reports of his sister's flirtation with the "young snob" had reached his ears. The clerk was abashed by the sudden appearance of Mr. Dick, and was not ready with his reply. An explanation would have been a difficult matter to the coolest head; for the lover could not compromise his mistress. The clerk was a spare young man. Mr. Dick was cunning enough to see the physical difference between them at a glance; and so, without waiting long for a reply to his summons, he seized the intruder firmly by his collar, and, it is most true, pulled his nose. He then whirled his feeble antagonist round towards the gate, and pushed him violently towards it, saying—

"You vagabond, if you're not out of this in the twinkling of an eye, I will set the dog upon you, and hand you over to the police afterwards."

With this he turned upon his heel, and strode up the path towards the house. The clerk, recovering his presence of mind, clenched his teeth, and was about to rush upon the man who had illtreated him, when he saw Miss Dudwell coming up the path. This gave him pause, and, shaking his fist at the back of Mr. Dick, he darted towards the high road. Mr. Dick had not failed to spread a highly ornate account of this incident throughout the neighbourhood, and to give himself the manner of a thorough fire-eater. His father laughed, and told the joke everywhere, omitting the important fact that his daughter Maria was a party to the clerk's appearance in his garden. He took an early opportunity of reading a moral lesson to Miss Maria, and recommended his wife to keep a sharp eye on the young lady's proceedings.

Mr. Richard Dudwell could contribute little or nothing to any conversation when he was not vaunting his own exploits, or describing the surpassing excellence of something that was his. For him, no two things were alike unless he possessed both of them. The superlative merit of everything he owned was in the fact that he owned it. He sang an endless song in his own praise, and the music never lost its witchery for a moment to his ears. His encounter with the clerk was a theme of which he would never tire. Not many mornings after it had happened every barmaid and landlord who lived on his wide tippling ground had applauded his prowess and ironically pitied the nose of the clerk. So that the clerk found himself the subject of damaging conversation in all directions. Mr. Joseph Smithett, tired of the oft-repeated story, had said that the clerk's nose was in everybody's mouth. And the joke had travelled. The clerk was a spoon—a nincompoop.

Now John Dyne was by no means a coward, and he was not the man to hear jokes flying about him at the expense of his honour. He had not gone far beyond the gates of the Manor House when he had already begun to meditate a scheme of retaliation. He had not the least intention of allowing Mr. Richard Dudwell to remain long merry at his expense; although this gentleman happened to be the brother of Maria. John Dyne was the head clerk of Mr. Huggins, the contractor for the line of railway that was to afford the convenience of a West End Station to the aristocracy of Barford. He was the son of a country attorney who had died, leaving his family in poor circumstances. Mr. Huggins was a fellow townsman—and took the attorney's son into his service, and found him an admirable and trustworthy clerk, so that John Dyne was in a fair way of becoming a prosperous man when he met Miss Maria Dudwell. Mr. Richard Dudwell had been at the Dragon on the evening while the committee meeting was sitting up stairs; and had enchanted the barmaid with his brilliant jokes on the lively proceedings. He had seasoned his discourse with two or three "night caps," while his servant was putting the mare into the dog-cart, and, after the vehicle was waiting his pleasure, Tim, his servant, had had sundry glasses of ale sent out to him. Hangers-on had been asked what they would have; and to "name it"—and to "give it a name"—which they did with the utmost alacrity, carefully observing to the barmaid that the squire would pay for them. The fun poked at the Mutual Improvement Society, in deference to the young squire, was of the most edifying description. Every fresh arrival at the Dragon bar was asked, amid shouts of laughter, whether he had been "improved" that evening, and if he answered in the negative, the sprightly young squire invited him to "improve" himself with something short. At last, the barmaid ventured to tell Mr. Dick, in accents that were meant to convey to him her intense interest in his welfare, that he had had quite enough, and had better go home. The young worthy begged for "*the* night-cap, and no mistake," after which he said—

"Pon my soul, I'll go, Jenny."

There must be an end to all things, even to the day's tippling of Mr. Richard Dudwell. By the help of Tim, Master Dick was got into his dog-cart, and tightly wrapped in it in a great rug with a royal leopard for a pattern upon it. Tapp stood with his cap in his hand to wish the future owner of the Manor House good night. He ventured to inquire whether Mr. Dudwell did not think it would be better to let Tim drive.

"Devil a bit!" replied Mr. Dudwell. "The mare knows every inch of the road."

At this moment the solemn committee men of the Mutual Improvement Society were seen issuing from their committee room into the great yard of the inn.

"Tapp," roared Mr. Dudwell; "you had better look after your spoons and forks." And, with this humorous sally, Master Dick started his mare on her way home.

The High-street of Barford was crowded with work-people from the mills, their wives, and troops of screaming, laughing children. Cheap fish, vegetables, household utensils, pipe-lights, penny looking-glasses, ha'penny sheets of songs, ropes of onions, with tempting bargains in this pungent vegetable spread in the outstretched palms of Irish girls, were there to draw the money from the pockets of the operatives' wives. An impudent patterer was roaring a murder committed that evening by a royal "dook" on one of the Queen's maids of honour "just arrived by telegraph." A higher class impostor, perched in a tilted cart, was pattering his ingenious falsehoods about the astounding cures he had effected, to the entire discomfiture and shame of the College of Physicians, with just two packets of the life-giving herbs he held in his hand. Had his advice been taken, he said, the Duke of Wellington would have been alive at the present moment.

Mr. Richard Dudwell was compelled to drive gently through the crowd. The mare was skittish, and her driver was asked so frequently, and, to his mind, so disrespectfully, "where he was a comin' to?" that he began to lose that small supply of even temper with which nature had endowed him. He threatened to lay his whip across the back of a stalwart smith who was not active enough in getting out of the way.

"Mind I don't put you across my knee and hide you, young sir," said the smith.

It was so plain that the speaker could have carried out his threat, had he been inclined, big as Mr. Dick was, that this gentleman contained his wrath until he could vent it on somebody less formidable than the smith. He thought he saw his opportunity in the slight figure of a gentleman who was walking with a companion along the road out of the way of the stalls. As he approached he called out "Holloa, Tim; it's the chap whose nose I pulled." At the same time Mr. Richard Dudwell raised his whip, as though he were anxious to give the finishing touches to the indignity he had passed on John Dyne, and gave this gentleman a sharp cut across the legs.

"How d'ye do?" said Mr. Dick, leaning over the side of his cart, and grinning insolently in the face of the clerk. But this time the two were on independent ground, although Mr. Dudwell had still the advantage of being propped high above his antagonist. The whip had hardly touched Mr. Dyne when he turned sharply round, recognised his assailant in an instant, and with a blow that whistled through the air as it fell, struck the grinning young squire with a thin stick across the cheek. There was an uproar in an instant. Dyne's friend seized the mare by the head; Dyne coolly picked up the hat which he had knocked off Richard Dudwell's head, and, holding it up, said, between his firm set teeth—

"Come down, sir, and fetch it!"

Mr. Dudwell, whose grinning was quite over by this time, was so startled with the blow that he could only call out to Tim to get out and knock the fellow down. The operatives, who were gathering by this time thickly round the dog-cart, laughed and jeered at this order, while some of the townsfolk and a few of the tipplers who drank at the squire's expense demanded in threatening voices to know who had struck Mr. Dudwell.

"I did," cried John Dyne, darting the flame of his angry eyes in the direction of the last speakers. "Come down, coward, or shall I drag you down?" he said to Richard Dudwell. Tim, meantime, had got stealthily down, and was approaching John Dyne unobserved, with the intention of giving him a blow from behind. But, unfortunately for Tim, just as he was aiming at the clerk, the smith, who had been in the mare's way a few minutes before, seized Mr. Richard Dudwell's servant, whirled him round, shook him, and said:—

"No, no, Mr. Tim, that ain't the way we fight in this 'ere country, that ain't. Would you hit the young gent from behind?"

John Dyne looked round at Tim in the grip of the smith, who seemed to be no more discomposed with the gentle exercise of shaking him than an ordinary man would be with the exertion of shaking his pocket-handkerchief. It was remarked by the bystanders on the off-side of the dog-cart that, while John Dyne's attention was diverted by Tim, who was writhing in the grip of the smith, Mr. Richard Dudwell, who was now boiling over with rage, and felt the stripe of the cane across his cheek, as though it had been burnt into the flesh, had stealthily seized the thinner part of his whip, and was preparing to use the butt-end of it while this favourable opportunity lasted. Shouts of "No, no!" and groans (for an English crowd is a stickler always for fair play) made John Dyne turn once more sharply upon his assailant. He half saw, half guessed the dastardly act Richard Dudwell was about to commit, and he could no longer contain the boiling tide of anger that was in him.

"Come down, coward," he shouted once more; and, with a bound, seized Richard Dudwell by a great comforter he had round his throat. "Come down, coward, I say, and answer me."

Richard Dudwell endeavoured to ply the butt-end of his whip upon the back of his antagonist, but in vain. John Dyne's hold was too strong and close. The mare plunged, the crowd shouted—the majority being of course in favour of the lesser man—and the two combatants fell heavily in the road, John Dyne under the heavy weight of his foe. Richard Dudwell was not slow in taking advantage of his superior position. Had there been no spectators round to see fair play done, it might have fared ill with John Dyne. The smith, who had a taste for these kind of difficulties, loosed his hold of Tim, cautioning him not to interfere again, and seized Richard Dudwell.

"Fair play, young man, while old Joe looks on. Would you hit a man on the ground, you young varmint?"

John Dyne sprang to his feet.

"And now, Richard Dudwell," he said, "mind yourself."

"Hooray for the squire!" was the shout, drowning every other; for by this time Richard Dudwell's creatures had pressed to the front, and were laughing and jeering at the slim figure of John Dyne, and showed a disposition to come roughly in contact with him. The smith was the only staunch friend Dyne had at hand, but he was a stout one. Dyne saw that his chance depended on instant action. He had given his antagonist fair ground, and stood full in front of him. After a few feints, amid cheers for the squire, Dyne contrived to plant his fist with frightful violence in the face of his antagonist. The squire's friends could not stand this, nor could Tim. While the smith was engaged in sweeping back the crowd, Tim rushed to his master's side, and the two were in the act of falling on the poor clerk, when a gentleman dashed, with the strength of a young giant, through the crowd, and stood between the combatants. Addressing Richard Dudwell, he said:—

"Are you an Englishman, sir? You are twice this man's weight;" pointing to Dyne, "and you must have this fellow of yours to help you."

"Who are you?" roared Richard Dudwell, mopping his face. "Stand out of the way, and mind your own business."

"Mind your own business!" the young squire's supporters echoed.

"Wipe your face, sir," said the gentleman who had interfered, "and if the fight must be double, the odds shall be fair. You will address yourself to me."

"Bravo!" was roared from the other side of the dog-cart, where the operatives were massed; some peering through the wheels, and others over the back of the mare, at the scene.

"Why, it's young Mr. Smithett!" shouted somebody in the crowd.

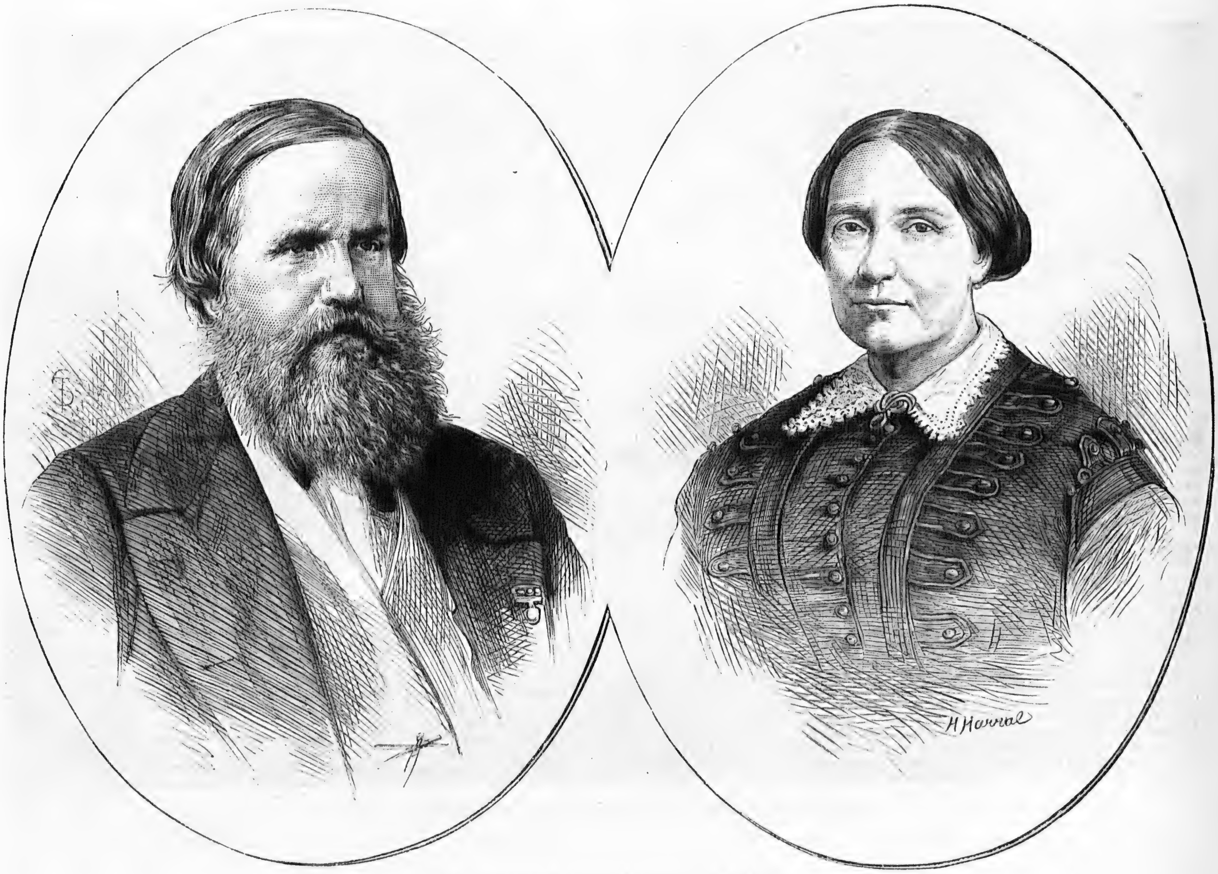
Richard Dudwell saw in a minute that in his new antagonist—a cool, well-built, muscular fellow, with a steady eye—he had at least his match. Tim was full of most lively anxiety to plant, as he pleasantly remarked afterwards, "just one on the nob" of John Dyne; and was dodging in the section of a circle round him, when a cry of "Police" arose. Mr. Joseph Smithett stood still and ready, and remained close to the steps of the dog-cart, while Richard Dudwell's parasites bundled him, by sheer force, into his seat. Tim, who had exaggerated notions of the punishment the law might inflict upon him, was not slow in getting up behind, and, before the mare's head was left free, the cool young gentleman, leaning over the fore-wheel, and addressing Richard Dudwell, said,

"My name, sir, is Smithett; you may desire to remember it to-morrow morning."

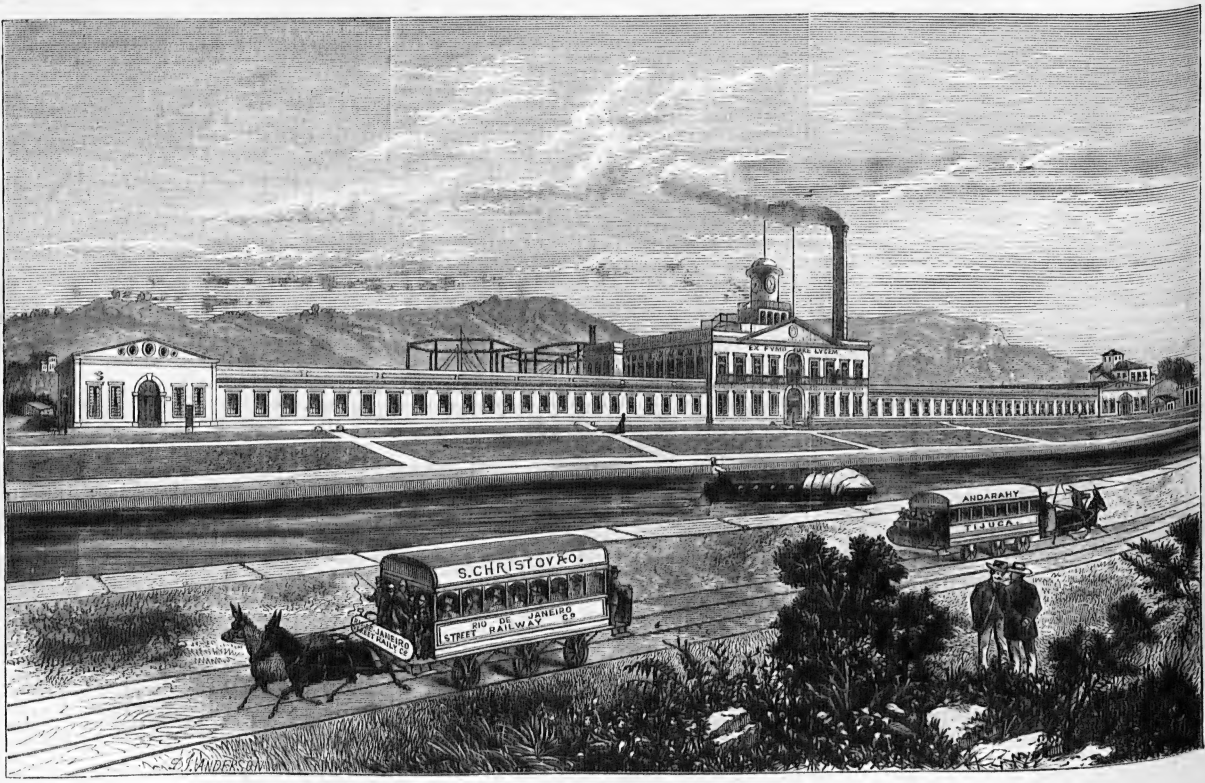
The mare was off, as Mr. Tapp expressed it, "like the wind." Young Mr. Smithett sauntered back to the Dragon to fetch his cob, and Towse could not help just peeping into the Flower Pot on his way to bed, to say that young Squire Dudwell had quite enough to take home with him, and might, perhaps, on the morrow morning, come to the conclusion that a pull at a man's nose is apt to be an expensive luxury.

(To be continued).

THE GAS WORKS OF RIO JANEIRO.—On page 328 will be found an illustration of the English gas works at Rio Janeiro. The works are on a large scale, running alongside the canal. Our picture shows a street tramway in the foreground, the cars being drawn by mules.



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF BRAZIL.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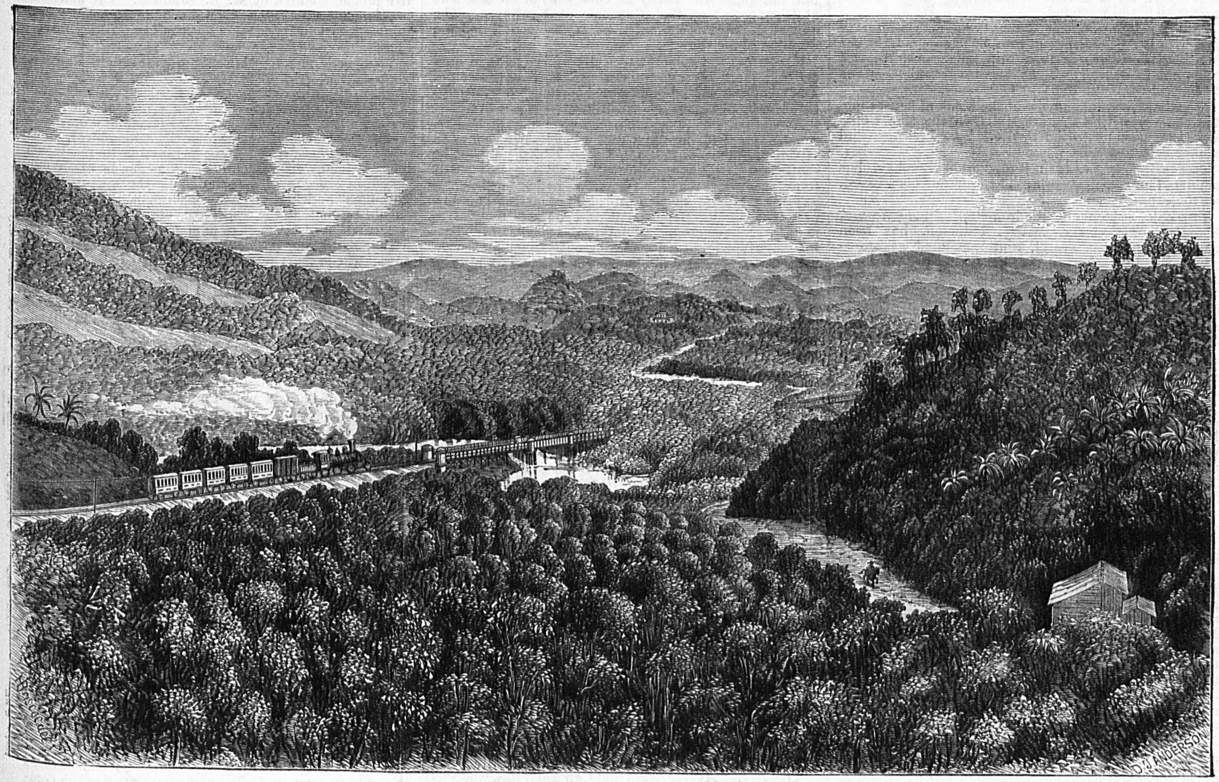
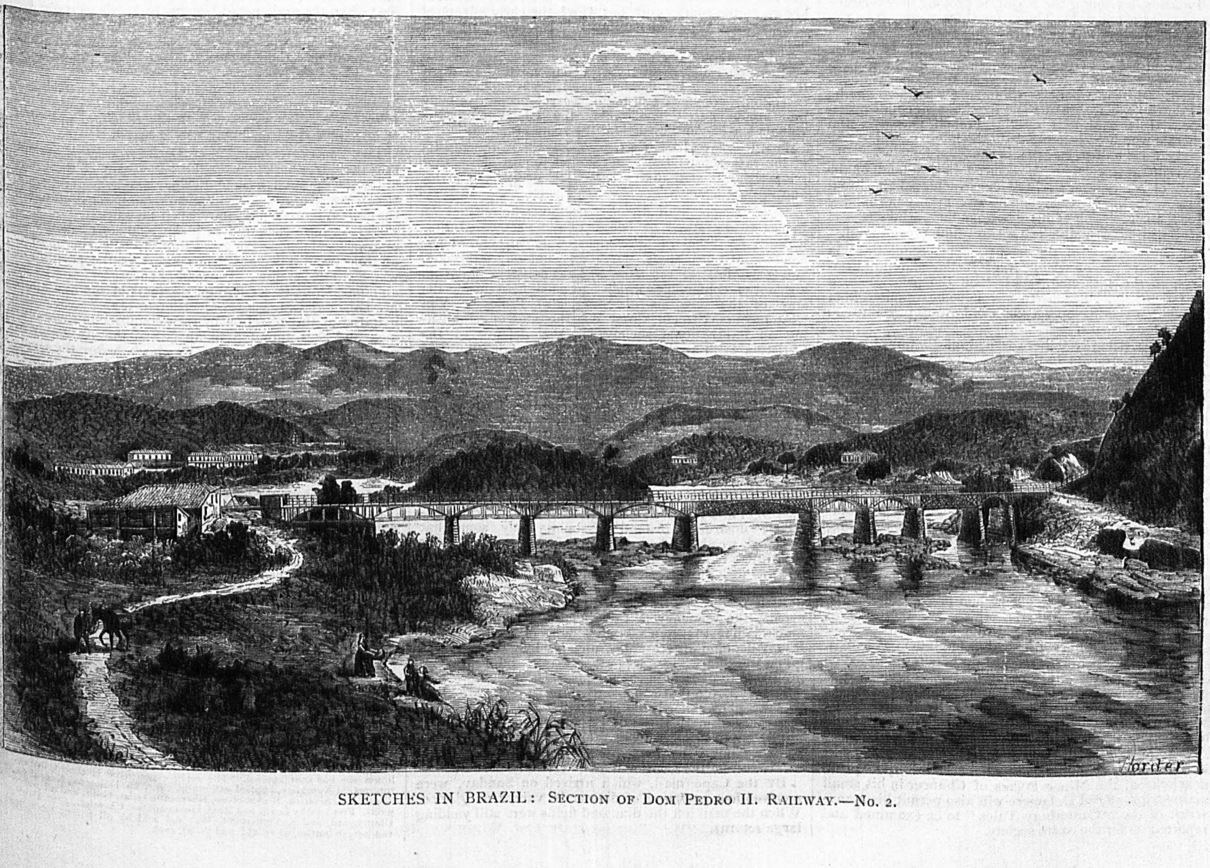
J. ANDERSON

SKETCHES IN BRAZIL: THE ENGLISH GAS WORKS AT RIO JANEIRO.


D. J. ANDERSON

SKETCHES IN BRAZIL: SECTION OF DOM PEDRO II. RAILWAY.—No. 1.



SKETCHES IN BRAZIL: SECTION OF DOM PEDRO II. RAILWAY.—No. 2.

HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Cross of the Legion of Honour has been presented by the French Government to Mr. John Furley, who, during the first siege of Paris, did service in aiding the sick and wounded.

IT is officially announced that foreigners who may wish to view the Government establishments must in the first instance apply to their own embassies, through whom the application will be forwarded to the Foreign Office, and thence to the War Office.

A LISBON telegram says that the block of houses and shops adjoining the Central Hotel, in the Rua Corpo Santo, has been destroyed by fire. Two lives are said to have been lost.

THE ship *Fanny*, from Rangoon to Bombay, has foundered off Cape Comorin. The crew has been saved, but the captain is missing.

THE chief engineer of the iron-clad ship *Agincourt*, 28, 1,350-horse power, Mr. J. Paterson, has been removed from that vessel, and appointed assistant-engineer and inspector of machinery afloat at Chatham Dockyard.

THE Lords of the Admiralty have decided that in future every officer entitled to half-pay shall, without application on his part, be placed on the half-pay list so soon as his full-pay ceases and his accounts are clear.

THE report of the *Gaulois* that M. Thiers sent for M. Ledru-Rollin, and had a long interview with him, is said to be a pure invention.

LORD GRANVILLE publishes an extract from a letter from the British consul at Calais, stating that, notwithstanding the publicity given to the regulations at present in force regarding passports in France, cases still daily occur of persons landing at Calais either without a passport at all, or without the French visa; they are, in consequence, unable to proceed on their journey, and are either compelled to return to London or have to wait at Calais.

THE *Legal Gazette* for Alsace and Lorraine has published a law respecting the introduction of the German customs and Tax Laws into those provinces. It provides that the Customs Union Law of the 1st July, 1869, relating to the taxation of sugar and duty upon salt, shall come into force on a day to be fixed by the Chancellor of the Empire, as likewise the customs tariff, in so far as it is not already in operation. The *Gazette* also publishes a law modifying the constitution of the judicial tribunals, and establishing tribunals for deciding commercial causes. Colmar is to be the seat of the Court of Appeal, and Metz, Saargemunde, Zabern, Strasburg, Colmar, and Mulhouse are to be the seats of district courts.

IT has been decided to erect a marble statue to the late Earl of Clarendon in the Foreign Office. A committee has been formed to receive subscriptions for this purpose.

IT is affirmed that, notwithstanding the vote of the Budget Committee, M. Pouyer-Quertier will maintain his project of taxation, and that M. Thiers will personally defend his Protectionist doctrines in the Assembly. M. Thiers intends taking a few days' repose at a country seat in the neighbourhood of Versailles. It is asserted that a fresh proposition is being signed by members of all parties, including the Right, to prolong the executive powers intrusted to M. Thiers for three years, from the 12th of February last.

THE *Times* correspondent at Paris says it is understood that some of the Orleans Princes desire to take service in France, but the Government has not yet consented. Most of Count de Chambord's political agents in France have resigned their functions since his manifesto. It is said that all the French marshals and generals who held commands in the late war will be free to take their half-pay or pension, except Lebœuf.

INFORMATION has been received in England of the death of M. Sommeiller, the constructor of the Mont Cenis tunnel. M. Sommeiller was taking a holiday after the completion of his laborious task, when he was seized with illness, which in a short time proved fatal.

IN consequence of the new passport regulations in France, the Spanish Minister of Justice stated in Congress, on the 15th inst., that, "on the principle of a just reciprocity," passports will now be required from Frenchmen visiting Spain, who will have to pay fourteen pesetas for the visa.

A ROYAL decree has been issued, at Berlin, ordering that the departments in the Ministry entrusted with the control of religious, educational, and medical affairs, which have hitherto been kept separate for the Catholic and Protestant Churches, shall be abolished, and that these matters shall be confided to the care of one single department, as far as regards ecclesiastical matters. The *New Prussian* (*Cross*) *Gazette* contradicts a statement that the Emperor will go next week to Wiesbaden. Nothing has been settled as to the place his Majesty will visit on leaving Ems.

THE *Overland China Mail* says that the presentation of a letter from the German Emperor to the King of Siam has been remarked on in connection with the new Empire's lack of an Eastern colony. The same paper contains the following items of Japan news:—Sir Harry Parkes left Yokohama, *viâ* America, on the 22nd of May. Before he left he had private and public interviews with the Mikado, which are regarded as satisfactory in every way. Movements of troops look suspicious, but nothing inimical to foreigners is feared, and everything is quiet. Nagasaki is now regarded as the rendezvous for the foreign fleets. A telegraph is spoken of between Nagasaki and Yeddo. Two Japanese have been degraded and then hanged for the assault on Messrs. Dallas and King. Another was degraded and banished for ten years.

THE Marquis of Bath, says the *Athenæum*, has kindly consented to allow the Chaucer Society to print, next season, the Minor Poems of Chaucer in his small manuscript. Lord Delamere will also permit his manuscript of the "Canterbury Tales" to be examined and reported on for the same society.

THE Paris papers state that the committee of engineers appointed to report upon the construction of a tunnel across the Channel between England and France have accepted the plan of M. Thome de Gamond, and that the works will shortly be commenced, on one side at Dieppe, and on the other side at Newhaven. The cost of the work is estimated at 225,000,000 f., and the duration of the work six years.

CAPEAUX, the celebrated sculptor, is engaged on a colossal piece of statuary destined for Auber's tomb. The composer will be represented surrounded by groups emblematic of his various operatic *chefs d'œuvres*.

AN author, who takes the pseudonym of "Jacob Larwood," has ready for the public a couple of volumes on Hyde, St. James's, and the Green Parks. It will be illustrated partly from antiquarian sources and partly from the caricatures of the day.

THERE is said to be a probability that the Quartermaster-General's Department will be called upon to make arrangements for affiliating the depots of the battalions which proceed to India next trooping season with some of the battalions which remain in this country.

THE establishment of a College of Science in York is contemplated. The building will cost £25,000, and a like sum must be invested to support the different professorships.

THE Secretary of State for India has ordered a number of copies of the *Phœnix* for distribution in India. The ground of this is the desirability of a better acquaintance of the Indo-Chinese countries.

THE *Scourge* and the *Snake*, gunboats, built recently in Chatham Dockyard, now nearly completed, are ordered to be ready for service on the 8th of August.

ACCORDING to *La France*, M. Jules Favre recently called the attention of the Italian Government to the tone of some of the Italian journals with reference to the works going at Civita Vecchia, and stated that France had no intention of interfering in the question of the temporal power, her only desire being to see the personal independence of the Pope secured. In reply, the Italian Minister explained that the only object of the works at Civita Vecchia was to demolish some old fortifications. With regard to the Holy See, any suggestions of the French Government would be received with deference.

THE Belgian Chamber of Representatives has adopted the Bill granting a credit of twenty-two millions of francs to the Ministry of Public Works, and approving the loan of fifty million francs. This bill was passed by 52 votes against 16, and the House then adjourned.

THE *Indépendance Belge* announces the existence of an alliance between M. Gambetta and M. Thiers as a positive fact.

THE *Broad Arrow* hears that Captain Miles, who was formerly in the 13th Hussars, is about to proceed to South Africa to take up an appointment as superintendent of convicts.

THE Indian troopships are to be supplied with an extra screw in case of accident in their passage through the Suez Canal.

WITH reference to the artists' portraits at South Kensington the *Architect* says:—"The court hitherto known as the south court, but which the early advent of a large neighbour will compel to bear henceforth the name of central, has now attained its full proportions; a gallery at the southern end corresponding to the northern one, and the number of interspaces between the iron arches being fixed at nine. As in each division two effigies of artists find room, the representative body thus amounts to thirty-six, and the selection of individuals leaves, on the whole, little room for cavil."

THE Russian *Academy Gazette* says that the results of the last census taken at St. Petersburg shows that the population of that city is 667,027, or 376,523 males and 290,503 females.

SOME members of the deputation who waited on Prince Gortschakoff on behalf of the persecuted Protestants of the Baltic Provinces, were present at the meeting at Lord Shaftesbury's on Thursday afternoon, and (according to the *Record*) Dr. Gladstone gave an account of conferences which had been held during the stay of the deputies at Stutgard. Professor Van Oosterzee, of Utrecht, threw out the idea of establishing an international society for the defence of the Christian faith against the assaults of infidelity. The proposal was favourably entertained, and is to be brought before the different branches of the Evangelical Alliance, preparatory to the great meeting in New York in 1873.

THE *Saturday Review's* "doctrine is that laziness is, at certain times and under given circumstances, a good and useful thing—that *vacare in loco* is not only pleasant but a necessary duty—a thing to be aimed at sedulously, and to be cultivated for its own sake. Brain and nerve and sinew have no easy time in the present busy age, and if the bow were now and then more completely unstrung, instead of being only somewhat loosened, we should hear of fewer of those cases of utter prostration of mental and bodily powers which now come upon us with unpleasant frequency. The hive will never be without drones; the world will always have its proportion of idlers: in our London world, just now at all events, the tendency is to aim at accomplishing too much. To rest is often a wise economy of time, although it may demand a greater sacrifice of inclination than to go on working while others are working, and, as it seem, are likely to pass us in the race."

IT is reported that some important changes are likely to take place shortly on board the *Britannia* cadet stationary training-ship at Dartmouth.

THE engineering trade of West Yorkshire is described as being in a first-rate position. Good orders have been received from the Continent.

BY the Cape mail, which arrived on Sunday, were received four packages of diamonds, valued at £4,600. When the mail left the diamond fields were still yielding large returns.

MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD'S new comedy, "Cupid in Waiting," has been successfully produced at the Royalty Theatre.

"THE SUMMER TOURIST" is the title of an attractive brochure edited by M. E. Braddon. The matter is in harmony with the title, and will afford good entertainment to holiday-makers during their railway travelling.

THE undermentioned ships of the First Reserve, *Achilles*, *Hector*, *Repulse*, *Invincible*, *Penelope*, and *Resistance*, will rendezvous at Portland on the 1st of August, and proceed to sea for a cruise of about four weeks. The *Black Prince*, *Valiant*, and *Vanguard* will rendezvous at Kingstown for the same object. The captains of these vessels have permission to receive on board as many officers on half-pay as can be accommodated, in order to give such officers the opportunity of gaining experience in steam evolutions. Applications should be made to the respective captains.

THE town of Wolverhampton has been thrown into excitement by the discovery of the body of a Mr. J. E. Voss, a German gentleman residing at St. John's-square, in the Canal Whiteweek. Deceased was a young man of considerable attainments in music, painting, and languages. No marks of violence have as yet been found on his body, and a ring remains on his hand, but his watch is missing.

M. LOUIS GHEELAND has presented to the Bibliothèque Royale of Brussels two medals of great value. The first was executed in 1501, on the marriage of Margaret of Austria with Philibert le Beau, Duke of Savoy; the second is the work of the learned Italian jurist of the sixteenth century, Giulio della Torre.

IT is reported in the Paris *Patrie* that from the commencement of next year a reform is to be introduced in the system of military instruction in France. The study of the living languages is to be placed at the head of the programmes of the schools at La Flèche, St. Cyr, and elsewhere. Under-officers are to be promoted to a much greater extent than formerly, but only after passing strict examinations, in which modern languages will have a place.

THE smaller theatres of Paris are rapidly unclosing their doors. The Folies-Marigny, the little summer-house in the Champs-Elysées, is already open; and the Menus-Plaisirs and the Folies-Nouvelles, formerly the Déjazet, will soon follow. Mdlles. Marquet, Delmay, and Tordeus have ceased to belong to the Comédie Française. Madame Ernst's return to France is announced. Signor Paolo Ferrari has given to his new comedy the name of "Fiasco."

THE *Money Market Review* regrets to see a certain inimical attitude taken by the Committee of Mexican Bondholders towards a work upon which the future progress of Mexico intimately depends—we mean towards the railway company. The immediate proof of the committee's hostility was their unsuccessful movement directed against the quoting in the Stock Exchange of the Mexican Railway Company's new Loan. Far from agreeing with the committee, we rather admire greatly the spirit of enterprise manifested by the board of the railway company, composed, as it is, of the greatest merchants engaged in Mexican trade; for we see in the railway a great lever of the future progress of the country. And when the anticipated benefits to Mexican trade are realised through this channel, it may certainly be expected that the holders of the Railway First Mortgage Bonds will find their security much better appreciated than it is at present.

THE schooner *Jessie*, Captain Livingston, from Thurso for Glasgow, with pavement, sank in the Clyde on the 19th instant, after collision with the *William Connall*, steamer, for Havre; the crew were saved.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Economist* points out that there is a dark side to the recent vote of the Committee on the French Budget. That body, whilst refusing to tax raw materials, is, it appears, not indisposed to tax the manufactured product. Such an impost, however, would reduce consumption, and would consequently be injurious to labour—the great thing to be encouraged at all times, and especially in a country in the position in which France stands. It would of course be followed by an equivalent tax on foreign products of the like kind. M. Thiers and M. Pouyer-Quertier are stated to be much irritated at the rejection by the committee of their project, and they threaten to appeal to the Assembly to maintain it. In addition to its check before the Committee on the Budget, the Government has had to present a bill permitting foreign flags to take part in the coasting trade of France, which has heretofore been vigorously guarded.

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth at *about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

OAKEY'S WELLINGTON KNIFE POLISH.—Old knives cleaned constantly with this preparation bear a brilliancy of polish equal to new cutlery. Can be used with any kind of knife-board or knife-cleaning machine. Retail packets 3d. each, and tins 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. each. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London.

SILVER, ELECTRO PLATE, &C., TO CLEAN AND PRESERVE.—*Oakey's Non-Mercurial Silversmiths' Soap* is guaranteed to be free from mercury or any other injurious ingredients too often used in the manufacture of plate powder. Tablets 6d. each, by all grocers, ironmongers, brushmakers, chemists, &c. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London. [309

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 332. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslins, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring and summer wear. [361

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107

Mr. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

NOTICE.—At the conclusion of the Contracts for Illustrated Advertisements now in course of fulfilment, no other Block Advertisements will be published in this Journal.

MR. ESKELL, of 8, Grosvenor Street, the Author of "Pure Dentistry, and What it Does for Us," "Painless Tooth Extraction; or, Anæsthesia Locally Applied," "Dental Surgery; a Practical Treatise," "Modern Dentistry; its Principles and Practice," &c., may be CONSULTED DAILY, as hitherto, from ten to four o'clock, at his residence, 8, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square (a few doors from Bond-street).

N.B.—The above works may be obtained of SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, of all Booksellers; or of the Author, post free for 7 stamps each. [231

SWINDEN AND SONS,
(Established 1825,)
27, TEMPLE STREET, BIRMINGHAM,
Wholesale, Retail, and for Exportation,

Invite an inspection of their new stock of high-class Coloured Gold Jewellery.

Drawing-room Gilt Clocks and Dining-room Marble Clocks, Cuckoo Clocks and Vienna Regulators for Halls.

Bed-room and Kitchen Clocks.

Presentation Clocks and Gold and Silver Watches of every description.

A large and choice assortment of Musical Boxes now on hand. [394

WM. CARVER'S DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES are unequalled for quality, durability, and prices.
Works and Show Rooms, PARK STREET, CHEETHAM HILL ROAD, MANCHESTER. [395

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and the best mild aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted for ladies, children, and infants. DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.

Use Dinneford's Friction Gloves and Belts. [225

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.

MR. WILLIAM J. WATSON,
SURGEON DENTIST
(Many years Assistant to Mr. ESKELL, of Bennett's-hill),

Supplies every description of Artificial Teeth and Gums so largely advertised, at about one-third of the usual charges, being the *actual maker*.

SINGLE TEETH FROM 3s. 6d.,
SETS FROM £2 10s., INCLUDING ALL CHARGES.

Only address, [40
16, *NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.*

AUCTION ROOMS AND FINE ART GALLERIES (formerly Winstanley's), 44, Church St., Liverpool, Established 1810, for the Sale by Auction of Furniture, Works of Art, Jewellery, Plate, Books, Wines, China, Glass, Hardware, Carpets, Stocks in Trade, and Goods of every description. Consignments invited. Cash advanced, if required.

GEORGE TURNER, Auctioneer, Valuer, &c.,
Liverpool. [797

DIGESTION PROMOTED BY PEPSINE,
Prepared by T. MORSON, and recommended by the Medical Profession.
Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d. by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers,
THOMAS MORSON & SON,
124, Southampton Row, W.C., London.
See name on label. [408

FINE Flavoured Strong BEEF TEA, at about 2½d. a pint. Ask for LIEBIG COMPANY's EXTRACT of MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.

Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c. [234

BOWATERS' PRIZE ARTIFICIAL TEETH defy all Competition for NATURAL APPEARANCE. MASTICATION, ARTICULATION, and COMFORT. Teeth fixed from 5s. per Tooth, including all charges.

W. BOWATER, Surgeon Dentist, &c., 142, Broad Street, Birmingham.

BOWATER'S TOOTH-ACHE SPECIFIC, in Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each; by Post, 7 or 14 Stamps. [573

CAUTION.—BETT'S PATENT CAPSULES. The Public are respectfully Cautioned that BETT'S PATENT CAPSULES are being INFRINGED by importations from abroad. Bett's Name is upon every Capsule he makes for leading Merchants at home and abroad.
1, Wharf Road, City Road, London, April 8, 1868.
And Bordeaux, France. [252

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
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1870.		1871.
£36,165 8 10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139 2 0
27,554 3 4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243 16 10
13,111 11 1	Losses	22,766 17 7
7,555 10 6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336 11 2
17,067 10 4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869 14 2
68,492 10 4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294 14 2

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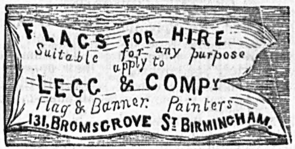

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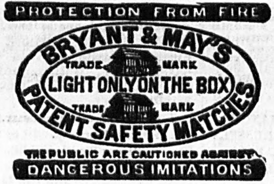

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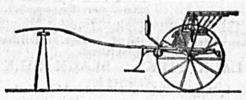

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